

# WAR PAINT and WAGON WHEEL

STORIES OF  
INDIANS AND  
PIONEERS

DAVID  
KINNE





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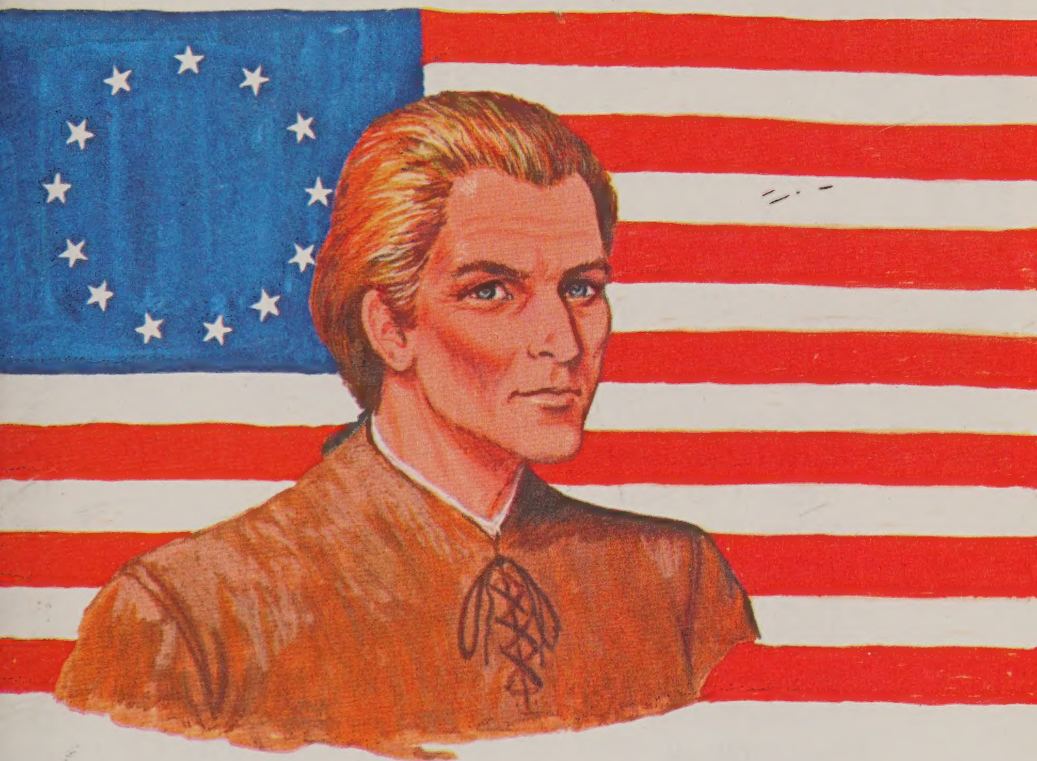
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# WAR PAINT and WAGON WHEELS

*Stories of Indians and Pioneers*



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## About “The Drummer Boy of the Wabash”

In “The Drummer Boy of the Wabash,” nine-year old Pierre wants to help in the fight for liberty. He does not really know who George Rogers Clark is.

George Rogers Clark was fighting to save the great Northwest Territory for the Americans. In this part of the country, the British were keeping the Indians stirred up against the settlers. They hoped to keep this vast land, even if they lost the American colonies. Because of George Rogers Clark’s daring, the Northwest Territory was won by the Americans. The Northwest Territory gave to the Americans the land now called Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin.





*Lieutenant Colonel  
George Rogers Clark*



*Colonel  
Henry Hamilton*





## The Drummer Boy of the Wabash

"A drummer boy, you say?" the busy soldier asked. He looked up from the table where he was writing, and smiled at the young boy. "Why, your drum is almost as big as you are. Can you lead us to war?"

"Yes, my drum can lead," the boy answered. "Listen." He brought his sticks down on his drum, with a *rat-a-tat-tat*. The sound filled the room.

"Are you French?" the soldier asked.

"Yes," answered the drummer boy.

"Can you give me a long roll on your drum?"

A long roll? What did the American mean? The French boy had learned a few English words from the soldiers. But a long roll? What was it?

The soldier tapped the table with his pen. The boy smiled, for now he knew what it was the soldier wanted. R-r-r-r-r-r-r! went the drum.

"Is it like that?" asked the boy.

"Like that. Just like that. What is your name, drummer boy?"

"My name is Pierre, and you are the great soldier, Colonel Clark."

"Yes, I am Colonel George Rogers Clark."

Pierre did not know very much about George Rogers Clark, or the war that was going on. He did know that the settlers were fighting the British.

Terrible attacks were made on the settlements by the red men. Clark knew that the British were behind these attacks. He did not want the western part of his country to fall. So he began his fight to drive the British from the territory in the Northwest.

Clark smiled at the boy. Clark liked the French people here in Kaskaskia. The tall red-headed soldier was busy with plans to attack a fort held by the British in Vincennes. But still he took time to talk to a boy.

"Can you speak French, Colonel Clark?"

"No, Pierre. I do not speak French. My English is not too good, either. I never took time to learn how to spell. But I hope you will, my boy. I hope you will."





"The Colonel is a man of action," another soldier in the room said to Pierre.

"That is a man who fights," Pierre said.

"A man who fights for freedom," Clark told the French boy. "Remember that word, freedom. Your country has just come to help us, Pierre, in our war for freedom. Long live France, as you would say!"

"Long live the Americans. Long live liberty." Pierre took off his hat and waved it in the air.

Colonel Clark roared with a laugh. "Why, lad, we speak the same way, after all. The love of freedom is the same in every land."

Pierre began to play his drum softly.

"Yes," the Colonel went on. "We will need you, drummer boy."

"I am ready," Pierre said, standing straight.

"Ready?" The Colonel looked at Pierre's thin coat. "Ready? Not yet, my small friend. You need a warm buckskin jacket, and boots, for this trip. Captain," he said, calling to the other soldier. "Can the good ladies here at Kaskaskia take the time to make some clothes for our new soldier?"

Just then a soldier hurried into the room. "Captain McCarthy reporting, sir."

"Why, Captain, I am glad to see you." George Rogers Clark jumped to his feet and shook the Captain's hand.

"I have a good company of Frenchmen ready to go with us," the Captain said.

"Fine," answered the Colonel. "Then our gunboat can leave with them today. But I still need more men to march. The British at Fort Sackville have five hundred men. We have less than a hundred."

"Colonel, do you think we can march now? The rivers are high, and the land is covered with water," said Captain McCarthy.

"We must march. We must take Fort Sackville. If we wait, the British will come here. They will take this fort. Then our land will be lost. No, Captain. We cannot wait. Tomorrow we march, but I must have more men."

Pierre wasn't sure what it was the two soldiers were saying. They spoke too quickly. He did not understand that Fort Sackville had been captured by



the British. He did not know that the attack Clark was planning against Fort Sackville was dangerous. He knew only that the tall, red-headed Colonel needed soldiers.

"A drum gets soldiers," Pierre cried.

"You are right, my boy. We will use your drum to get more soldiers," the Colonel said.

Just then a soldier rushed into the room. He ran into the drummer boy, and knocked him off his feet. Pierre just rolled over the big drum like a curly worm, and jumped up again. The soldiers roared at the funny sight.

"Men, meet our drummer boy, Pierre. He will keep our spirits high. We march tomorrow. And Pierre marches with us."





The next day was February 5, 1779. The soldiers were lined up in the street, ready for the long trip ahead. Pierre was ready, too. He felt warm in his buckskin coat. The February sun made his drum shine as bright as his new boots. He stood proud and tall as he waited for his Colonel. People from the town were waiting, too. Everyone cheered when George



Rogers Clark rode up with his officers on horseback.

Pierre could feel his heart beat fast. He watched and waited for the sign from his Colonel. At last, the Colonel smiled at him. R-r-r-r-r-r-! R-r-r-r-r-r! R-R-R-R-R-R! The drum roll sounded loud and long. Officers called to their men. One, two, one, two. The men were moving out to the beat of the drum.



For two days, the men marched, moving quickly.

"We go forward so fast, we are sure to surprise the fort," the Colonel said. He was very pleased with the way things were going. But then it began to rain. The rain soaked their clothes and turned the trails to mud. Everywhere rivers ran over their banks. The soldiers had to wade across streams that were waist-high, holding their guns over their heads to keep the powder dry. At night, the men could not build fires, for the wood was so wet it would not burn. Now, the men could not hunt for game. The soldiers were hungry, and cold, and tired. Pierre was hungry and cold, too. But he said nothing to the Colonel. Pierre was a soldier, now, and had to live as the other soldiers did.

At last they came to the Little Wabash River. It was swollen with rainwater. Some of the soldiers shook their heads.

"We cannot cross," they said. "It is too deep."

But the Colonel said, "We will build rafts." He ran his hand over Pierre's head. "And you, little drummer boy, you will float across on your drum."

When the rafts were finished, the Colonel ordered, "Put the sick and the men too weak to walk on the rafts. The others . . . follow me!" With that, the Colonel walked into the swift racing waters, his gun held high. The men could see his bright red hair always just in front of them.

"Come, Pierre," Soldier DeWit said, picking up the boy and his drum. "You can ride across on my shoulders. And play your drum, boy. Play your drum." DeWit began to sing:





“Old Bangum would a-hunting ride

Dillum down dillum

Old Bangum would a-hunting ride

With sword and pistol by his side.

Cubby rye, cuddle down, rilly quor quam!”

Pierre laughed. Soldier DeWit was funny.

“Is *that* English?” the French boy wondered.

“It’s real funny *old* English.” DeWit grinned.

“Keep it up,” the Colonel called. He began to sing, too. “Old Bangum would a-hunting ride . . .” Soon all the soldiers were singing, while Pierre beat out the tune on his drum.

“Look!” Pierre shouted. “Indians in a canoe!”

He sounded frightened. But the Colonel was not afraid. He knew these Indians. They were friendly. Clark was glad to see them. Perhaps his men could trade with the Indians and get food from them.

“Land!” a soldier cried suddenly.

That night, the tired soldiers camped on dry ground. They got meat and corn from the Indians for their supper. Never had Pierre tasted anything so good.

"Tomorrow we march to Vincennes, little drummer boy," said the Colonel. "The French people there may help us if your drum beats loudly enough."

The next day was February 23. Colonel Clark marched his soldiers up and down near Vincennes. Back and forth they marched, pretending to be a big army. Pierre's heart beat as fast as his drum.

"With so many flags and this loud drum, the people will think we are a thousand strong," Colonel Clark said. The good French people waved and cheered.

"We will help you, with guns and powder. We hid them from the British."

This was good news to the Colonel, because his gunboat had not yet come.

"Tonight we march on the fort. I will give you the sign when to start, drummer boy. Men, make every shot count."

"That is a big fort, my Colonel, and strong," Pierre whispered in the dark. "And the night is so black. But we will surprise them." He stepped as quietly as a cat. He hid behind fences and trees, just as the others did. He watched and waited for his Colonel.

Soldiers had their guns aimed, ready for the signal. The Colonel nodded his head. That was the sign.

The drum sounded like a shot. Guns answered. The battle started. Like lightning, the gun powder lit the fort. Pierre saw the British flag flying in the center.

"Keep up a hot fire with your guns. Let them think we are a big army. Beat your drum loud, Pierre. Keep under cover," Colonel Clark yelled.

This time guns from the fort fired back. Pierre saw



the big ones there, up on the high walls. Every time they opened to fire, Clark's men aimed at the gunners. One by one they fell.

All night long, Pierre beat his drum while bullets flew above his head. The brave little army came close to the strong walls of the fort. They were so close that the fort guns fired over their heads.

"They may be ready to give up now. I will send a man under a white flag to ask them to give up."

"Oh, please, my Colonel," Pierre begged. "Let me go along with the flag."

"No, my boy. You may be hurt or killed. I cannot take that chance."

Colonel Clark sent the flag with a note to the British Colonel in the fort:

*Sir: To save yourself and your men, I order you to give up the fort at once.*







But Colonel Hamilton was not ready to stop fighting. He still thought he was safe behind the strong walls of the fort.

"The fight goes on," Clark told his men.

"We'll go over the walls!" some of the soldiers said.

"We will force the gates," others answered.

Pierre beat his drum louder than ever.

The fighting began again with new fury. At last a white flag appeared over the fort. Hamilton was beaten. He wanted to talk peace with the Colonel.

"So," Clark said, "the Hair Buyer Hamilton must give up the fort."

"Hair buyer?" Pierre asked in surprise. "Why do you call the British soldier a hair buyer?"

"The British Colonel pays the Indians to kill Americans," Clark explained. "He buys their scalps. He pays others to fight for him. But now it is over."

Pierre watched as the British flag came down. Then he cleaned his drum. He cleaned his boots. He cleaned the Colonel's boots. The winning army must look just right.

*Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!* the drum called for quiet. Pierre stood proud and tall beside the other soldiers. The gate of the fort opened. Once again the drum rolled out its beat, as Colonel Hamilton gave his sword to Colonel Clark. The American flag was flying over the fort now.

"Long live the Americans! Long live George Rogers Clark!" the French people of Vincennes shouted.

Clark put his arm around the little French boy.

"Well, drummer boy," he said with a smile. "We have fought and won. But the battle for freedom goes on. Are you still with us?"

Pierre looked up at the tall American beside him. "My drum shall always beat for freedom," he answered. And so, side by side, the Colonel and the drummer boy went into the captured fort.





## About "They Called Him Wild Potato"

When the pioneers began to settle in Indiana, they found a number of different tribes of Indians living on the land. The Miami, who were found in the northern part of Indiana, were the most important tribe. Their chief was a man called Little Turtle.

Chief Little Turtle was a wise man and a brave one. He fought hard to keep the white man off Indian land. He tried to get the other Indian tribes to work together to drive the white man away. But he knew, after the Battle of Fallen Timbers, that the Indians could not hope to win. Chief Little Turtle adopted the white boy, William Wells, as his son, and was a good father to him.

When William was adopted into the Miami Indian tribe, he was given the name of Wild Potato. Later on when he became a young warrior, his name was changed to Black Snake.

Black Snake fought bravely in many battles and became a famous Indian warrior.



## 2

### They Called Him Wild Potato

"Indians! Only five miles from here. They burned my brother's house last week!"

The boy listened outside the cabin door. He moved closer. Neighbors were telling his mother the news!

Just then the boy's mother looked up and saw her son standing in the doorway. "William, run along! I thought you were getting the wood!"

"All right, Ma. I'll go." He wanted to hear more about Indians. Were they close now? In the woods? He liked to chase rabbits and deer there. What would he find today? Indians? His heart jumped.

"Don't go far," his mother warned.





"Don't worry, Ma." Young Bill Wells wished he had a gun as he went into the forest.

The forest was cool and quiet. Where giant trees spread their branches, it was dark, almost like night. The boy kicked a broken stick, and a rabbit ran from behind a log. He chased it until it was out of sight. Then he saw a deer. He chased that too.

Suddenly, the dark, quiet forest rang with yells, Indian yells. Then Bill heard screams. Was it his mother's voice?

Young Bill ran to a clearing, and looked. Smoke was coming from where the cabins stood. He ran to help, but found his path blocked.

The boy stared at the painted Indian who stood in front of him, waving a tomahawk.

"I'll kill you!" Bill cried. He began to kick and bite the Indian. The angry Indian picked Bill up and threw him down on the ground. He held his tomahawk high, ready to strike.

The boy rolled away and jumped to his feet. He felt a hand on his shoulder. The boy looked up then. Another Indian was blocking his path. But this Indian in war paint was smiling.

"A-pe-kon-it! My Wild Potato! How brave you are for your age!"

William Wells did not know what the Indian was saying. But he did know that this Indian seemed kind. The Indian said something to the other one, who walked away. Me-she-kin-no-quah, Little Turtle, Chief of all Miami, had saved the boy's life.

"Wild Potato, that is a good name for you," the





Chief said. "My son Yellow Bird will have a playmate now. You will make a fine brave, some day!" The strong Indian Chief picked up the boy, and carried him away over his shoulder.

Where were they going? the boy wondered. His heart beat fast and loud. The colors of the Kentucky hills were fading now.

They rode over "big water," the lake near the Ohio falls. They walked many days through the wilderness. Chief Little Turtle returned with his white captive to Ke-na-po-co-mo-co, to his Eel River trading post in Indiana land.

Many moons later Little Turtle was talking to Yellow Bird and his playmate, Wild Potato. They were sitting around the campfire. William Wells looked like an Indian boy now, except for his red hair. His skin was brown from sun and wind. He wore a band of eagle feathers. He was dressed in breech cloth and moccasins.

Wild Potato liked life here among the Indians. There was no work to do! Girls and squaws gathered wood, carried water, planted fields. Boys and men were busy with hunting, preparing for war, singing, dancing and telling tales around the camp fire.

"Many moons ago the Miami were a great nation," Little Turtle started his tale. "Our lands reached the rising sun and the setting moon." The Chief stretched his arms wide. "Our lands rolled from big lakes to the beautiful Ohio river, from flatland to the clouds. But the Iroquois and the Sioux came to fight for it. They killed many of our braves. My father, great Chief A-que-nack-que, drove them back. But now the white skins come!" Little Turtle, sitting with his legs crossed, started singing.

Wild Potato loved to listen. He knew the Miami language now. Little Turtle and Yellow Bird had taught him many things.

"We must protect our land, our homes!" Little Turtle was singing. "My sons, you must help. Grow strong, my sons, and wise like the owl. Learn the secrets of the birds. Learn to scout, to fight, to hunt!"

"The hunting season will soon be here," Yellow Bird said one night. "The moon tells me."







"I am going to get a lot of game! I am shooting better," Wild Potato answered.

The chance to prove his words soon came. The two boys were watching buffalo rolling in the mud. Suddenly Yellow Bird moved ahead without a sound. His bow was drawn. But his feet slipped in the muddy ground. His arrow only stunned the great beast. The angry animal shook the arrow loose, then started straight for Yellow Bird.

The Indian boy tried to run, but his feet kept slipping on the muddy ground. Quickly Wild Potato's arrow flew straight to the bull's heart! The buffalo shook all over, then fell with a heavy sound.



"You saved my life!" Yellow Bird shouted.

"Your father saved mine once," the white boy answered. "I shall never forget."

"Nen-gue-sah! My son, you learn fast," said Little Turtle, later. "You are quick like a snake. You shall be called Black Snake now. We will dance and feast. The time has come to take you into the tribe, and make you a Miami brave!"

William Wells was an Indian now. This was the way the Miami honored their friends, by making them members of the tribe.

Drums beat a happy sound around the campfire. Everyone sat in a circle. Some were singing and clapping in time with the drums.

Little Turtle led the dance. He told the white Indian boy to follow as his son. The Chief's squaw came next. Then came Yellow Bird and Sweet Breeze, the Chief's daughter, dancing, swinging around the fire, welcoming a new member of the family.

Black Snake felt proud and happy. He would be strong, like his Indian father, and rich, too. Little Turtle had several trading posts. The boy liked to watch British soldiers and French traders come downriver in canoes. They brought guns and powder, blankets and beads to trade for furs.

The Indians wanted the guns and powder. Shooting with the white man's gun was faster, better in battle. And Black Snake knew war was coming. Each year the hunting grounds had less game. Selfish traders and hungry settlers were robbing the wilderness of its riches. The Indians were losing their land





to the white people. It was then that the Chief wanted to bring all the tribes together.

"You must go to the tribes, call them together!" the Chief commanded his sons. "Carry my message, my belt of wampum, red for war."

Black Snake knew this was important. He must learn to deal with the other tribes, to win them over with words.

"The Great Chief of the Miami has heard that a new man leads the white soldiers." Black Snake was bringing his father's message to Shawnee, Kickapoo, Delaware, and other tribes of Indiana land. "He has found out that many white soldiers are coming. Listen to the words of the Great Chief of the Miami. The great Father of the Miami calls you."



The chiefs met, dressed for war in black paint and feathers. Black Snake was a brave now, old enough to sit in their council house. Little Turtle stood straight and tall, waiting for them to listen.

“We are like weak fingers, when each is alone.” He held his hand out, with the fingers spread out. He picked up some earth from the riverbank, and let it run through his fingers. “Like this sand, our country slips through our fingers. We lose land, homes, hunting ground.”

The tall chief closed his hand. “But now, like this, together, the fingers make a fist! The fist strikes hard. Together we can strike the white man! Together we

can fight for our lands, our homes, our hunting ground."

"Little Turtle is right. We must fight," the other chiefs said.

"It is coming now, my sons," Little Turtle said. "Black Snake, are you with us?"

The white brave wondered. Who were his people? White or red? Quietly he left the Indian village for the forest. He lay down on the ground to think. Should he leave his Indian family, hoping to find his own? All night he lay there, wondering. Near morning he went back.

Yellow Bird was wrapped in a blanket. He had waited all night for Black Snake, sitting outside their wigwam. "Ta-an-i-wee-ki-ap-ha? Where did you go?"

"Pa-i-an-go-si-an-i, I went alone, to the forest," Black Snake answered.

"You have come back. You are with us!"

"You fed me when I was hungry. You took care of me when I was sick. You have taught me all I know. My white people are bad. They take your lands."

"No people are all bad, not even the whites," Little Turtle said. "But they take our land. We will have no nation, no homes. We must fight back."

Young braves were growing strong with sports and running games. Several hundred played ball together. Black Snake threw it hard and high. The wooden ball whistled through the air. "My bullets will go as hard, as fast!" he shouted.

At the game of nine wood pins he struck the center to win. "Like hitting the heart," he yelled.





That night the warriors gathered at the council house for the battle dance. Each carried a gift to the Great Spirit. Wrapped in cloth or skin was a piece of root, bone or plant. Each brave put his gift in the middle of the circle, while drums beat low.

All night they danced and sang.

When the moon was setting in the west, the strange gifts were wrapped together by the medicine man. He carried them on his shoulder, to lead and sing the song of war.



"You must go out now, my sons, and find the enemy. Hidden eyes, the birds, tell us they are near." Little Turtle was testing his sons in their training as Indian scouts.

"What would you do to destroy them?" Little Turtle asked when they came back.

"Nip-kah-wa! I cut into him—cut him in two!" Black Snake answered.

"Trick the enemy. Leave the fire and the camp site. Let the white man think we ran away!" Yellow Bird said.

Old men and squaws began to pack their things, taking them to other villages. They were leaving the village of Kekionga empty. Great stores of corn and food were buried, or carried away. It was a trick to fool the enemy to make him think that the Indians had run away.

Black Snake and his braves hid on one side of the trap. Yellow Bird hid his warriors on the other side. They watched as six hundred white soldiers moved into the clearing.

The Indians shot straight toward their marks. The white soldiers were taken by surprise.

Many of the soldiers were killed. The rest ran away. They stopped only long enough to burn and destroy Indian villages on the way. All the records of the great Miami nation, carved on bone and wood, on belts and poles, were lost in the fire. The Miami's early history would never be known.

The Governor of the Northwest Territory was angry when he heard what had happened.



"I will go myself, to lead the battle!"

But he did not know how to fight Indians either. Little Turtle, with one thousand braves, was hiding again. The Indians attacked with fury, and the soldiers lost another battle.

"White soldiers do not know how to fight Indians!" Little Turtle said. "They need scouts, trained like braves. They would not fall in our traps, if they knew our ways in battle!"

William Wells wondered. Had any of his relatives been killed among the Kentucky soldiers?

"Your family is safe in Kentucky," Little Turtle said later. "I have learned this from the chiefs." Little Turtle also learned that another army, under General Wayne, was marching to fight the Indians. This time Little Turtle was worried.

"This General Wayne never sleeps! We cannot win now!" Little Turtle warned the other chiefs. "The time has come to make peace with the whites."

To Black Snake he said, "It is time for you to leave now. Go to your white brothers. Tell them we want peace. We shall make peace, you and I, together!"

The white brave began to get ready for the journey. He put blue paint on his forehead and a blue heart on his chest. The signs of peace were carried high: a white eagle's feathers in one hand, a white flag in the other. This time the wampum belt was white. He was ready to smoke the peace pipe for his people, both red and white.

"I must leave you now," Black Snake said to his children and Indian wife. "But I will return."



First he would find his family in Kentucky. He wondered if they would know him. He did not know if they would welcome him. He was not sure he could still speak English. He had not spoken English words for over ten years.

He found the cabin untouched by the fire of many years ago. His family was still there. But there was no time to become one of them now. His duty was to make peace.

He went next to General Anthony Wayne, who listened to him speak. "We wish peace," he said to General Wayne. "Little Turtle wants peace."

"The other chiefs do not agree with Little Turtle!" the General said. "Yes, some of the Miami want peace. But not the Shawnee, Delaware or Potawatami! They do not know the meaning of peace. They even fight with each other. Our only way of getting peace now is to show them that we are stronger. We must make them live in peace."

William Wells agreed. He knew some tribes could not be trusted to live in peace.

The General went on. "This land was meant for peace and plenty."

Black Snake remembered his English words. He knew what General Wayne was saying. It was true. All men should be able to live together in peace.

General Wayne said, "I need scouts, trained in Indian warfare. Will you help us?"

"If this is the only way to bring peace," the white Indian answered, "I will help."

He kept his word. William Wells became a captain in the white man's army.

Captain William Wells trained his soldiers well. They learned how to scout without being seen. They became good woodsmen.

"We must send out a scouting party to capture an Indian," Wells said one day. "We will make him tell us what new plans the Indians have made."

Wells went with the scouting party. It was not long before they saw a canoe coming up St. Mary's River. Wells called a greeting in his Miami way. The scouts held their rifles ready. Then he saw the family.

"Don't shoot!" he cried. "I'll kill whoever shoots these Indians!" William Wells knew who they were. These were not warriors but peace-loving Indians, his own Indian father, Little Turtle, and his family.

"General Wayne and his men are coming," Captain Wells told Little Turtle. "You must keep out of danger, out of war!"

"You are right, my son, but other chiefs do not





agree. They plan to fight. The British want them to go to war. I cannot stop them.”

The white soldiers and Indians met at a place called Fallen Timbers, where a great storm had torn down giant trees. The white soldiers knew how to fight the enemy now. They had been well trained.

British soldiers fighting with the Indians ran back to their fort. When the Indians followed, they found the gates of the fort closed to them.

Little Turtle had been right. It was time for the Indians to make peace.

Over a thousand braves and their ninety-four chiefs met with General Wayne at Greenville, Ohio. William

Wells was there, too, to help both red and white understand what was said.

Little Turtle spoke. "You have told us to speak our minds freely, and now we do. You take all our hunting grounds. Tell him, my son. Tell him he must let me keep my trading post, Kekionga."

"Your Kekionga is now Fort Wayne. The government will take care of you there," Wayne said.

At last, Little Turtle signed. "I have been the last to sign this treaty. I will be the last to break it!" He was a man who would keep his word.

William Wells was a man to keep his word, too. He returned to his Indian family, as he had promised. His first wife had died. Little Turtle's daughter Sweet Breeze became his new bride, and they built a house at Fort Wayne.

"Since the hunting grounds are gone, we must teach Indians how to farm," William Wells said.

"I hope we may all know enough now to enjoy our new life," Little Turtle said. "To this end may we all live in everlasting peace."

Someone was needed to help keep the peace. He would have to help the Indians and the government, too.

"There is only one man who can speak for both the Indian and white brothers," Little Turtle said. "We know his heart is right. There is only one—my son, Black Snake."

And so it was that the man who could speak for the red man and the white man became the Indian agent at Fort Wayne.

## About "The Legend of the Fire Bear" and "The Castle in the Tree"

In pioneer days, people had to depend on themselves for everything they needed. They made the cabins they lived in, the few pieces of furniture they used and their clothing. They had to raise their own food. Pioneers had very little money and not much need for it.

Pioneer children worked as hard as their parents. The girls helped their mothers with cooking, housework and spinning. The boys helped their fathers clear the land and hoe corn. Men and boys hunted, trapped and fished. Boys went with their fathers, or alone, to hunt game. Meat for the table came from the animals they killed. The skins were used for clothing. In winter, pioneers wore deerskin clothing, raccoon caps and moccasins. In summer, they usually went barefoot, and wore clothes from material the girls and women wove.

For treats, the children had maple sugar, nuts and berries. A big treat in one of the stories, as you will see, was an orange. It was such a wonderful treat it was given as a Christmas present.

On long winter nights, families often sat before the fire and told stories. Many of these were folk tales, or tall tales of things that never really happened. These stories were sometimes funny, or scary, or both.

The following two stories, taken from the book *The Bears of Blue River* by Charles Major of Shelbyville, Indiana, tell about the adventures of some pioneer children. Liney and Tom Fox are sister and brother; Balser and Jim Brent are brothers. "The Legend of the Fire Bear" and "The Castle in the Tree" are the kind of tall tales the pioneers might have told their children. As you read, try to decide which parts of the stories could be true and which could not.





### 3

## The Legend of the Fire Bear

It was a cold, cold night. Outside the cabin, the North Wind was blowing. A heavy snow was falling. Inside the cabin, a great fire burned in the fireplace. The Fox children were staying with the Brents. The children were warm and happy, even though they were alone. Both their parents had gone to the “meeting house.”

“Let’s play Simon says,” Liney Fox said.

“I don’t want to play Simon says any more,” her brother Tom said. “Let’s tell stories.”

"Let's crack some nuts," Jim Brent said. He was always hungry.

Balser Brent looked at his brother Jim and smiled.

"Why don't we take turns?" he asked. "First we can play Simon says. And then we can tell stories."

"And we can eat nuts too," Jim said.

Balser filled a large wooden dish with nuts. Soon they were all busy cracking and eating.

They had just begun to play Simon says when suddenly Liney held up her hand.

"Shhh!" she said. She put her head to one side and listened. "Do you hear that?"

The children stopped talking and listened, too.

"Help!"

They looked at each other. It sounded just as if someone were crying for help right down the chimney.

"It's only the wind," Jim said, looking frightened.

Once more the cry "Help!" seemed to come at them from the chimney.

"Someone is in trouble," Balser said at last. "I must go out and see who's there."

"No, Balser, no!" Liney cried. "It may be Indians trying to get you out there to kill you."

"Maybe it's a ghost," Tom whispered.

"You'll be killed if you go out there," said Jim.

"I've got to go," Balser said. He was frightened, too. But he knew it was his duty to find out what was wrong. While Liney and Tom's parents and his parents were out of the house, Balser was in charge.

Balser picked up his gun. Then he took a torch and lit it at the fire. He rushed out into the storm.



"Help! Help!" The cry seemed to be coming from the forest in back of the barn.

"Who's there?" Balser shouted.

A man came running out of the dark. "Balser! Don't you know me? It's Sam Parrott."

"Sam Parrott? What are you doing here? What on earth is the matter?" Balser asked.

"The Fire Bear! The Fire Bear!" Parrott cried. "He's been chasing me. Don't you see him? There! There he goes! He's moving down to the river. He's crossing the river on the ice now. There! There!"

Balser's eyes opened wide. A large bear was crossing the river. And he seemed to glow in the darkness of the night as if he were on fire.



"Run, Balser, run," Parrott cried. And the man and the boy raced for the cabin.

Inside the cabin, Parrott got close to the fire.

"That Fire Bear has been chasing me for more than a mile," he told the children. "He wasn't more than ten feet behind me. He growled like thunder. And he blazed and smoked like a bonfire."

"That's silly," Balser said. "He wasn't blazing when I saw him."

"Of course he wasn't," Parrott said. "Do you think a bear can blaze away forever, like a volcano?"

The children were all very frightened now. They knew that Sam Parrott was a simple-minded man. But even though he wasn't too bright, he could see. And he had seen the Fire Bear all right.

"People say the Fire Bear burns in a great flame when he is angry. And that he just glows when he isn't angry," Tom said.

"The Fire Bear is the one that starts all the fires in the forest," Jim whispered. "And he starts fires in the barns. And in the haystacks . . ."

"You know what else people say?" Parrott asked. He looked all around, as if he thought the Fire Bear could hear him. The children came closer and listened with their eyes wide. "They say anyone who sees the Fire Bear will die in three months. Unless he can kill the Fire Bear."

"I don't believe that," Balser said. "But I'm going to try to kill that Fire Bear anyway."

The children didn't laugh at Balser. He was older than they were, and a brave hunter. Balser had gone

on many bear hunts. But this wasn't just any bear. This was the Fire Bear. And no one had been able to kill the Fire Bear.

"It would take some special charm to kill that bear," Parrott said. He moved closer and closer to the fire. "I guess you and I are as good as dead, Balser. No living being has ever seen that bear and stayed alive three months afterward."

Liney touched Balser's arm.

"I saw him, too, Balser. I followed you a short way when you went out. I saw something bright crossing the river on the ice. Was that the bear?"

"Oh, Liney," Balser cried. "Why didn't you stay in the house?"

"You bet I stayed in," said Jim.

"And so did I," said Tom.

Suddenly the younger children began to cry. They didn't want Liney and Balser to die.

"Stop your crying," Balser shouted. "I'll shoot that bear before the three months is gone. Yes. I'll kill him before a month is gone. If Liney saw him, the bear dies. And that's all there is to it."

Now everything was settled. The younger children began to get sleepy. Soon Tom and Jim were asleep. Even Parrott stretched out on the floor and closed his eyes. Only Liney and Balser were awake.

After a while, Balser said in a low voice, "I wish I did have a charm. I don't think a gun by itself can kill a monster."

"Oh, Balser. I just remembered. I have a charm. A gypsy gave it to my mother," Liney said excitedly.

“What does it look like, Liney?”

“It looks like a big button. It has gold on the back. In front, it has a lot of pieces of glass. Only I don’t believe they are glass at all. They are too bright. You can see them in the dark, where there is no light at all. They shine so that it almost hurts your eyes. Now you never saw glass like that, did you?”

“No,” Balser said. “I never did.”

Liney went on, “That’s what makes me think it’s a charm.”

Balser moved over to Liney and whispered in her ear. “I’ll tell you what to do to make it a sure enough charm. Hold it on your lips and pray seven times that I may kill the bear. Do that seven times for seven nights. On the last night, I’ll come to your house and get the charm. Then Parrott, Jim and I will go out and kill the bear.”

It was a good plan, they thought. They felt so much better that both Liney and Balser fell asleep, too.

Late in the night, almost nine o’clock, the parents of the children came home. The children woke up. Everyone began to tell them about the Fire Bear.

Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Liney and Tom stayed all night. They, too, were worried about the Fire Bear. Next morning, they got ready to leave.

When no one was looking, Liney whispered to Balser, “I’ll begin tonight. Seven nights from today the charm will be ready.”

“I’ll be ready, too,” Balser said.

Both of them hoped that this was the beginning of the end for the Fire Bear.





### The Hunt

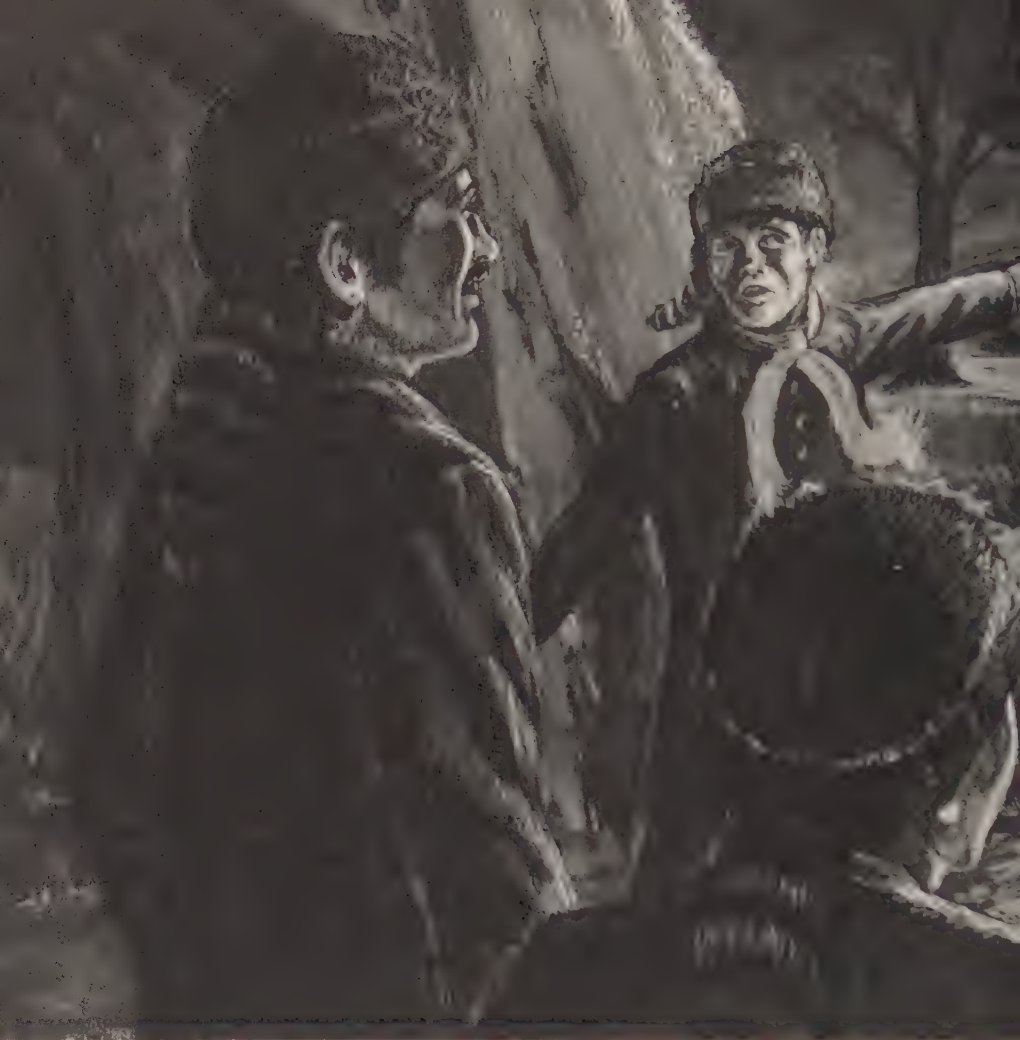
The morning of the eighth day, Balser went to Liney's house. The charm was ready.

"Do you think it will work?" Liney asked.

"I can feel it working already," Balser said. And it was true. Just knowing he had a charm made Balser feel strong and brave.

Parrott and Tom Fox were going along on the hunt. Tom had a hatchet and his father's gun. Parrott had a rifle. And Balser had a rifle, a hatchet and a knife.

At three o'clock, the three hunters got on their horses and started for Flatrock. This was where the bear had last been seen. They reached Flatrock just as the sun went down. A cold rain was falling. As it fell, it froze on the rocks. The wind screamed through the trees. The darkness covered the world around them. The hunters tied their horses in a cave.



Parrott looked around.

"I think we ought to go back home," he said. "If that bear has any sense at all, he's hiding in a cave."

"Parrott is right," Tom said. "Let's go home."

He began to untie the horses.

"Wait!" Balser cried. "Listen!"

A terrible growl came from the distance.

"The Fire Bear!" cried Parrott. "I'd know his voice anywhere. I'd know it among a thousand bears. Let's go home, Balser. I'd rather die three months from



now than now. Three months is a long time to live.”

“No, Parrott,” Balser said. “If the bear gets away from us, we may never have another chance. At him, quick! Here, Parrott, you carry the torch.”

The three hunters left the horses in the cave. They would hunt the bear on foot.

“Hold the torch high,” Balser said.

“I see him. I see him!” Tom cried. And there, on a hill, the hunters could see the Fire Bear. His fur glowed in the black night.



"He's running away," Balser shouted. He pulled out a whistle and blew hard. The Fire Bear stopped.

"After him," Balser called. The three ran closer to the bear. Soon they were just a hundred yards away, then fifty, forty, thirty, twenty. Still the Fire Bear did not move.

"Stop!" Balser whispered. "Listen. I'll shoot first. Hold your fire. Then shoot one at a time, after me. Don't shoot till I tell you. And take good aim. Parrott, I'll hold the torch when I want you to shoot." Balser went on, "It's so dark we can't see the sights of our guns. If we're not careful, we may all miss the bear. Or we may only wound him. Hold the torch up, Parrott, so I can see the sights of my gun."

Balser took aim and fired. The gun flashed. The bear gave a growl of rage.

"I've only wounded him," Balser cried. At the sound of his voice, Tom and Parrott raised their guns and fired. Both missed the bear. In a flash, the angry bear was upon them.

Balser was in front. The boy went down under the bear's mighty rush. As Balser fell, his hand touched a piece of soft wood on the ground. Balser picked it up and tried to beat the bear with it.

The bear reached for Balser's throat, growling. Quickly, Balser pushed the piece of wood into the bear's mouth. The bear bit and shook it. He bit it so hard, he could not open or close his jaws. The bear let go of Balser, and tried to push the wood out of his mouth with his paws.

Balser got up and ran. Tom and Parrott ran, too.

"Stop!" Balser said. He turned. The bear was not following them. He was still trying to get the piece of wood out of his mouth. "Parrott. Hold the torch high. Tom and I will go after the Fire Bear again."

Parrott did as Balser told him. Balser ran back, with Tom and Parrott following. Bang! went Balser's gun. The bear rose on his hind feet. He made the land echo with his terrible growls.

Then the bear fell over on his back. Parrott and Tom started toward it, but Balser cried out: "Stop! He may not be dead yet."

Tom and Parrott stopped, and it was well that they did. For the bear got up and began to run.

"Load, Tom. Load, quick. Hold the torch, Parrott."

The bear was moving toward a cave. Quickly, Balser blew his whistle again. The bear turned, then sat down. He seemed to burn in the darkness.

"Let's shoot him again and get away from this awful place," Tom said.

Parrott raised the torch. Now they took aim and fired. The bear growled and fell forward.

"He's dead," Tom cried. "Come on, Balser. Let's get out of here. I've had enough of that monster."

While Tom was talking, Parrott began to walk toward the bear.

"Parrott! Parrott! No! He may not be dead."

But Parrott kept on walking toward the bear.

"I'm going after him," Balser said. But Tom held on to Balser's arm and would not let go.

Parrott was now just ten feet away from the bear. The bear seemed to feel Parrott at his side. With a



last mighty blow, he struck Parrott to the ground.

When Parrott fell, the torch fell, too. Suddenly a blue flame, three or four feet high, sprang from the ground just behind the bear, then shot into the air like lightning.

"Run, Balser, run," Tom cried.

"I've got to save Parrott," Balser said.

"It's too late. He's dead. Run for your life, Balser."

There was a loud explosion, like the boom of a hundred cannons. The boys turned and looked. A bright





red flame leaped two hundred feet high. The boys raced to their horses and rode away. Back home they found everyone waiting for them. The boys explained what had happened.

“Poor Parrott,” Liney said. “He said he would die.”

Balser put the charm in Liney’s hand. “We don’t have to be afraid any more. The monster is dead.”

“Yes,” Liney said. “The monster is dead.”

But she knew that they would never forget the Fire Bear.



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## 4

### The Castle in the Tree

It was Christmas. Mr. and Mrs. Brent were still asleep. But Balser and Jim were up as soon as it was light. They put on their heavy buckskin clothing and moccasins. They climbed down the pole to the room where their father and mother lay sleeping.

Balser went to the barrel standing by the fireplace. His parents had not let him look inside the night before. But he thought he could guess.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Brent were up, the fun began. Out of the barrel came wonderful Christmas gifts. The boys got shoes for Sunday wear, and "store" caps. These were to be used only on holidays, of course. There were candies and nuts. And each member of the family got an orange. None of the boys had ever seen an orange before.

Best of all, for Balser, there were traps for catching animals. Balser was beside himself with joy. Fur skins were of great value to the pioneers. Now, with his own traps, Balser could be a trapper as well as a hunter.

Right after breakfast, Balser and Jim started down the river to visit Liney and Tom Fox. Balser carried two Christmas presents for his friends. For Tom he had one of his steel traps. For Liney, he brought the orange his father had given him.

"Now we both have traps," Tom Fox said. "Why don't we go trapping?"

"Good idea," Balser answered. "Come to our house tomorrow morning. We can start making sleds."

For the next three or four days, the boys were busy making sleds. When the sleds were finished, they were about two feet wide and six feet long. They were made of elm, and were very strong. But they were so light, the boys could pull them over the snow even when they were loaded. By the time the sleds were finished, the snow was hard enough to travel on.

First, the traps were packed, then food for the trip. There were sweet potatoes, a great lump of maple sugar and a dozen loaves of bread. Balser packed a side of bacon and a bag of meal. And of course there





was bear meat for the dogs. The only meat the boys took along was the bacon and the bear meat. They knew they could catch wild turkeys for food.

They spread bearskins over the sleds. These would be used for beds and for coverings during the cold nights. They also took some deerskins.

Tom took his hatchet, an ax and his father's rifle. Powder horns were filled, and a can of powder was put on each sled.

Bright and early the next morning Balser, Tom and Jim got started. They took the two dogs, Tige and Prince. Tom and his dog Tige pulled one sled. Balser and Prince pulled the other. They were headed for Brandywine Creek, which was ten miles away. About two hours before the sun went down, they reached Brandywine. It was frozen over.



Jim who was younger and smaller than the other two boys, was tired.

He said. "I don't see any place to camp."

"You'll see it soon," Balser said. "Right around the bend of the creek. There." Balser pointed to a large sycamore tree. The sycamore was hollow. At the roots was an opening for a doorway.

"It's a castle!" Jim cried.

"It's a dirty castle right now," Balser said. "We'll have to clean it up before we can stay in it."

First the dogs were sent in, to make sure no wild animal was hiding inside. Then the boys made brooms out of bundles of twigs. With these brooms, they swept out the dust and dry leaves.

"I smell bear in here," Jim said. "I bet that bear will come back when we're all asleep and eat us up."

"Tige and Prince will take care of any bear that comes around," Tom answered.

As soon as the castle floor was swept, the boys brought in the deerskins and spread them on the ground. Then they brought in the bearskins, and made beds. The sleds were pulled around to one side of the door and put against the tree.

"Let's eat," Jim said.

"Not yet," Tom told Jim. Tom went around and around the tree.

The hollow in the tree was almost round, about eleven feet across, and went up into the tree for about thirty feet. Two very large branches came out of the root of the sycamore tree. They looked like separate trees. But they were part of the sycamore.

Now Tom began to hit one of the branches with the end of his hatchet. He hit it and listened.

"Why are you pounding at the tree?" Jim asked.

Tom did not answer. But in a minute, he came into the main tree and began to chop. The two boys soon found out what he was up to. He cut an opening into the smaller tree. This new hollow was about four feet across, and went up high into the tree. After Tom made the opening between the trees, he sat down on the ground. With his hatchet, he shaped the hollow until it was two feet high and two feet wide.

"We don't need another room," Jim said. "This tree house is big enough now. Isn't it, Balser?"

Balser just laughed.

"I guess Tom knows what he is doing," he said.

"Then why doesn't he tell us?" asked Jim.



Tom still didn't talk to the others. When he was finished inside, he went outside. He began to climb the smaller tree. When he was about fifteen feet up, he began to chop with his hatchet again.

Jim came out and looked at Tom up in the tree.

"A fellow who will chop at a tree when he could be eating his supper is too big a fool to live," Jim said.

Balser looked up at Tom and grinned. He knew what Tom was doing, but he wanted Jim to be surprised. While Tom was in the tree, Balser went and got a pile of firewood. He carried a few loads into the castle. At last Tom came down, and went into the large tree. Jim followed him quickly.

"Tom, please tell me what you're doing. I'm like to die from curiosity," Jim said.

"I made us a fireplace," Tom answered. "That opening I cut outside in the tree is a chimney. We want a fire to cook on, and keep us warm. But we don't want to smoke to death."

The boys got a fire going in the fireplace. In a few minutes the cheery fire lit up the room.

"It makes everything look just like home," Jim said, laughing. Then he went outside. "Hurrah! It works!" he cried. Smoke was coming out of the chimney. Jim watched the smoke for a while. Then he walked around the tree. In a minute he ran back inside.

"Tom! Balser! There's another hollow in the third tree. Can we do something with it?" he asked.

"Let's make a room for Tige and Prince to sleep in," Tom said. And this they did.

The fire was blazing away in the fireplace now. The boys began to make their supper. They had not had time to hunt for game. So they ate their bacon and eggs, and cooked some potatoes in the ashes. Then they made an opening in the ice and pulled out a bucket full of ice water.



By this time, everyone was very tired. Jim showed the dogs where they were to stay. Meanwhile, Tom and Balser stretched a deerskin across the door to keep out the cold air. When Jim came back into the room, he got in between the bearskins on the floor.

"A king never had a better castle than this," he





said. His eyes closed. He was asleep. Now Balser and Tom got in under the bearskins, too. Tom slept next to the wall. Next to Tom lay Jim. Next to Jim was Balser. The boys were lying with their feet to the fire. Behind them was the doorway closed with the deer-skin. Of course they still wore their buckskins and moccasins. The weather was so cold that the boys needed all the covering. Looking at the sleeping boys, it was hard to tell that they were boys. They looked more like a great sleeping bear!

So the night began to pass. The fire was getting low. The wind was whistling through the branches of the sycamore tree. Suddenly there was the sound of footsteps outside the castle. A large black shape was standing outside. But no one heard anything. Even the dogs did not wake up.

The bear outside saw the tracks the boys made. He saw the sleds. At first the bear started to walk away. Something was wrong. But then he remembered that this was his home. He came back and walked to the doorway. He was surprised to see the deerskin across the doorway. He sniffed at it. Then he pushed it away with his head and went inside.

The bear saw the sleeping boys, but he did not know they were boys. Maybe he thought another bear was sleeping on the ground. So he lay down beside the bearskins. Soon he, too, was fast asleep.

As soon as the bear fell asleep, he began to snore. Balser opened his eyes. For a minute, he forgot where he was. Then he remembered they were in the castle.

“What a noisy fellow Tom is! At least I guess it’s



Tom," Balser thought. "Jim doesn't snore like that."

He listened, but all was quiet. Balser started to fall asleep again. This time the snores were so loud, Balser put his hand over his ear.

"Well," Balser said to himself. "This has just got to stop. If Tom keeps on snoring like this, he'll just have to sleep outside."



Balser put his hand out to shake Tom. When he touched the bear, Balser's eyes flew open. His hair stood up on end. His blood ran cold. A bear! A bear beside them! And all the guns, hatchets and knives were on the other side of the room. To get them, Balser would have to climb over the bear. Balser didn't know what to do. The bear went right on snoring.

At last Tom lifted his head.

"Balser," he cried. "For goodness sake! Stop snoring. You could bring a dead man to life."

The sound of Tom's voice woke up the bear. He stood up and growled. He growled so loud the tree began to shake. Jim woke up and started screaming. And at the same time the dogs came in, barking and





barking. At once the bear and the dogs got into a fight.

The bear was just as frightened as the boys were. After all, he had come home to sleep. He hadn't expected all this screaming and shouting and barking.

The bear and the dogs ran around and around the room, knocking the boys down every time they went past. The boys tried to get to the door. But the bear had scattered the dying fire when he ran into the fireplace. The room was so dark, the boys couldn't find the opening! They were thrown down so often, there wasn't a part of their bodies that wasn't black and blue.

After what seemed hours, but was just a few minutes, the bear found the doorway. He ran out, fol-

lowed by the dogs. The boys ran out, too. First they looked at each other to make sure they were all right. Then they turned their heads to see where the bear had gone. The bear was at the bend of the creek, about fifty yards away. The dogs were barking at him from a safe distance.

Balser went back inside and came out with his rifle. He started to run toward the bear. The moon was very bright. The moonlight and the snow helped to make the night almost as light as day. The bear was sitting on the ice, growling at the dogs.

Tom got his gun and followed. Tom and Balser were able to get very close to the bear, who was so busy watching the dogs, he didn't see the boys.

Balser said, "Tom, you shoot first. I'll watch and hold my fire until the bear makes a rush. If you don't kill him first, I will."

"Anything you say, Balser," Tom answered. He went almost within three yards of the bear and raised his rifle. When Tom fired, the bear screamed in anger. Then he sprang like a wildcat right at Tom. Tom fell to the ground on his back. The bear stood over him. Now the dogs rushed in to attack the bear.

Poor Balser didn't know what to do. He was afraid to shoot. What if he hit Tom or one of the dogs?

"Balser! Balser! Help me! Help me!" Tom cried. "Don't let him get me. Balser! Do something!"

Just then Jim went rushing past Balser. He had Tom's hatchet in his hand. Without showing any fear, he went up to the bear and began hitting the bear with the hatchet. Now Balser really could not





use his gun. He might shoot Jim! But if he did not shoot, Tom would be killed. He had to do it. Balser lifted his gun to his shoulder. He could see the bear's head moving from side to side, just over Tom's head. Almost without looking, he pulled the trigger. Then he dropped the gun on the snow. Balser covered his face with his hands. He could not look.

Deep silence followed the shot. The dogs stopped barking. The bear stopped growling. Jim wasn't shouting. And Tom, poor Tom, had stopped crying. Balser could feel his heart sinking inside him.

After a minute, he felt his hand being moved up and down. Jim was shaking it as hard as he could.

"You did it! You did it!" Jim laughed.

Balser took his other hand away from his face. Tom was all right! He was moving away from the bear. He said, "Balser. There is no man or boy living but you that could have made that shot in the moonlight."

The excitement was too much for Balser. He sat down on the snow and started to shake all over.

Tom and Jim came and sat beside him.

"The bear is dead," Jim said. "You saved me and Tom. Nobody can shoot as well as you."

"Come on, Balser," said Tom. "Let's go take a look at him."

Balser had stopped shaking. Now he got up and went with the others to look at the bear. The bear looked like a monster in the snow.

"Let's go back to our castle," Jim said after a minute. "It's so cold out here on the ice."

In all the excitement, the boys forgot how cold it

was. Now they began to feel the cold biting at them. They walked back to the tree. When they went inside, they got the fire going again. Then they hung up the deerskin at the door. They pulled the bearskins close to the fire.

"Let's just talk," Jim said. "I can't go back to sleep now."

The boys sat on the bearskins and watched the fire. After a long while, Jim said, "I told you the bear would come back."

"He didn't eat us," Tom said.

"He wanted to eat you," Jim answered. "And he would have, too, if Balser wasn't the best shot in the world."

"Anybody could have done it," Balser said.

"No," Jim said. "That's not true, Balser. Why, Tom and I and the dogs and the bear were all mixed up together like a pot of stew! I think you had to shoot around a curve to miss us all but the bear."

"Jim is right," Tom said. "You saved us all, Balser."

Balser didn't want the boys to go on talking about him. So he said, "Wasn't that an awful fight we had in here? Before the bear got out with the dogs chasing him?"

"Yes, it was," Tom said. "Just awful. I think I am black and blue all over."

Jim laughed.

"I ran around this room so fast for a while, trying to get away, I could see my own back most of the time."



The boys laughed and laughed. Now that it was all over, it seemed funny to think about it. As the fire died down again, their heads started to nod. Soon they were all fast asleep.

They stayed in the castle after that for about ten more days. They did a lot of hunting and trapping. Now there would be enough food and skins to help their families through the winter. They packed their sleds and started for home on Blue River.

Jim looked back at the sycamore tree.

"I kind of hate to say good-by to our castle," he said.

"Me, too," Tom said. "We had a good time here."

"We can always come back," Balser told them.

"But I for one will be glad to get back home again."





### About "The White Indian Girl"

Just about the time George Rogers Clark was marching on Vincennes, a little white girl was taken from her home by Indians. The Slocum family, who were Quakers living in Pennsylvania, never stopped looking for little Frances. Sixty years went by before the Slocum family heard anything more. Frances' mother and father were dead, but two brothers and a sister went to Peru, Indiana, to see a "white Indian" woman. They were sure this woman was their long-lost sister.

The "white Indian" woman was old. She did not want to leave her Indian family. When she died, she was given an Indian burial. Her grave is in northern Indiana, near the forest named for her, the Frances Slocum State Forest.



## The White Indian Girl

"Come on, Frances," her father called. Jonathan Slocum lifted his little red-haired girl into the big wagon.

"Keep that little redhead of yours inside," Giles, the oldest brother, said. The little redhead was peeping from under the wagon top. Frances was looking back at the big house by the sea. She had liked living in Rhode Island.





The  
Journey  
of  
Frances Slocum



"Put your head in!" Giles said again. "That pretty hair may get caught on a tree."

"It may catch the eye of an Indian," another brother joked.

"Children, thee must be quiet, and rest," their father called from the front seat. "We have a long way to go." Jonathan Slocum was a Quaker. All Quakers said "thee" instead of "you." All Quakers wore broad-brimmed hats like the one Mr. Slocum was wearing.

"I hope thee knows," his wife said beside him, "what thee is doing. Going west to live in deep woods! More Indians are there than white people."

"Do not fear, Wife," Jonathan Slocum answered. "Quakers are friends with Indians. We will live in peace. We will find peace and rich land in Pennsylvania," he added.

A year later the family was living in a new log house near a fort on a river named Sus-que-han-na.

The new neighbors were afraid. "Indians are no longer friends. British soldiers are giving them guns. Indians have burned houses near us and killed white people. Women and children are going to live in the fort. The men are going to fight the Indians."

"Quakers do not believe in fighting. But we will not go to the fort. We will stay and live as friends with the Indians," Jonathan Slocum answered.

"Not I," eighteen-year-old Giles said. "If we don't fight back, the Indians will take our land."

"If you fight, the Indians will not be our friends. Indians never forget." Jonathan Slocum told his son.



But Giles left home to fight the Indians anyway. The Indians did not forget. They came on November 2, 1778. The children were playing outside. A shot rang from the woods.

“Run, children, hide!” their mother called.

Quick as a rabbit, little Frances ran into the house. One of the other children, Ware Kingsley, followed.

“Where shall we hide?” asked Frances.

“Here, under the stairsteps,” Ware answered.





But one Indian saw the little feet under the steps. Frances felt strong hands pulling her from her hiding place. A painted Indian face was looking at her.

“Help, help!” she screamed.

Another Indian grabbed Ware Kingsley. Frances and Ware were carried away on the Indians’ shoulders.

“Mama! Mama!” Frances screamed and looked back at the house she was leaving. The Delaware Indians ran fast through the woods with the children.



That night they hid in a mountain cave.

"Eat, eat." An Indian smiled at the little redhead. He offered her cakes taken from the Slocum kitchen.

Little Frances started to cry. She was cold and bare-foot. Her new shoes had been left back home when she went out to play.

Afraid and tired, Frances cried herself to sleep on the hard, cold ground. She wanted her mother.

The next morning the Indians were in a hurry. "Walk, run, fast!"

When they came to a river, the Indians found a canoe. Riding in a boat was fun. Frances put her hands in the water. So did Ware. They laughed and played that they were Indians rowing the canoe.

They stopped at an Indian town called Ti-o-ga. There the squaws pointed to the little girl's beautiful red hair and smiled. Frances felt better and smiled back. Then she was put on a horse and given a blanket.

"We can ride horseback, now, just like grown-ups," she said to Ware.

They rode fast. It was growing cold. They were going northeast.

At last they came to a big Indian town. Frances had never seen so many Indians. They were everywhere. Their houses were square and made of bark. These Delaware Indians called their houses *wikwams*. Here Frances heard the sound of water crashing like sea waves rolling over big rocks. This was the great Niagara Falls. On the Niagara River the Delaware tribe had built this large town.



Squaws came to touch her beautiful red hair. Indian hair was black and straight. The squaws looked at her, and she looked back. They had feathers in their hair and gold rings in their ears. Then they pointed to her finger.

“Cut Finger, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah!” they said in Delaware words. They called her this because of her cut finger. The first finger of her left hand had no fingernail. It had been hurt with a hammer by her brother at play the year before.

Cut Finger was now Frances Slocum’s Indian name.



She liked these friendly Delaware Indians who called her in their words, Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah. Indian girls and women looked pretty in beaded buckskin dresses and moccasins for their feet.

“You will have a dress and moccasins,” the great Indian Chief, Tuck Horse, said. He took her to live with his family. “You will be my daughter.”

Cut Finger was beginning to learn Delaware Indian words. Her playmate, Ware, had been taken away. But there were Indian children for playmates now.

Indian boys laughed at her red hair.



"Paleface, you cannot catch Indian braves," the boys called joking.

"I run as fast as you!" Cut Finger was soon the fastest runner of all. "I tame wild ponies, like you!"

Cut Finger was growing strong and learning fast. "There, little horse, I can catch you!" She ran and roped her pony. She hugged his neck and patted his sides. "You are mine now!" she cried, as she tamed the pony. She could ride as fast as any Indian.

"We will make the paleface a real Indian," her new father, Tuck Horse, said. He took her to the river. "The water will wash you clean. It will wash away the white blood that kills Indians. The Great Spirit will be pleased."

Cut Finger was pleased, too, with her beautiful buckskin dress with beads of wampum made from shells. There were moccasins to match. Her Indian mother braided her bright red hair and set a crown of braided grass on it. She was a real Indian princess.

"See my new shoes, my dress!" She laughed and danced, happy at last. She had a family who loved her. Little Frances had been the family pet of the Slocums, because she was gay and pretty. Now she





was the pet of Tuck Horse and his squaw. She was forgetting the life of the Quaker Slocum family, and the way they talked. She was learning many things about the Delawares. Their god was the Great Spirit. Her Indian mother told stories about him:

“At the edge of all the water, where the land ends, the Great Spirit stayed. He created much land. He created the sun and the stars of night. He created people.

“Everybody was good, seeing friends everywhere. Everyone was happy. Then the bad snake god did mean things, black deeds came, killing came, death came.”

Black deeds and killing were coming close to the Indian town. “We must move. White men are coming, fighting us,” Tuck Horse said. The family left their town. They lived in the woods along riverbanks.

Cut Finger learned how to hunt and fish. She learned how to start a fire from dry grass and wood. “It is magic,” she cried, seeing how her Indian father made a spark and blew on his fire stick.

“The forest gives us food. The Great Spirit put all this here on earth for us,” her Indian mother told her. Together they gathered berries, fruit and nuts.

Cut Finger loved the forest. She knew every bird as her friend. The red bird called and she answered. She listened as a wren sang to its mate. She watched as the deer fed from leafy trees. She saw a squirrel storing his nuts. Cut Finger’s lessons were not in books. They were in the stones and in the water. They were in trees, and all things that lived in the forest.

“We thank our Mother, the Earth, because she



grows everything we need. We thank Grandfather East for bringing the sun, to make things live," Cut Finger's mother told her. "Grandmother of the South sends warm winds that carry seeds of life. Grandfather North brings snow, to help track deer, and gives trees time to rest in winter."

Signs of winter were coming to the forest. The family of Tuck Horse headed south from the land of Canada, toward the big woods of Michigan. At the Indian trading post of Detroit, they stopped.

Indians together meant dancing and feasting. The time of hunting and harvest was past. Corn from the harvest had been gathered and stored in great pits dug into the ground. Now was the time to give thanks, to dance and sing.

The drums beat. Indians gathered in the center of their town. Tuck Horse and the men formed one circle. Cut Finger followed her mother in another. An Indian leader held a doll on a stick.

Cut Finger watched as the men danced first. They passed the stick twelve times, dancing around the man who held it in the center of the circle. Heel, toe, heel, toe. She watched the men and boys step lightly.

*Boom, boom, boom, boom* the drum sounded. Now the women and girls were dancing heel, toe, heel, toe.

Cut Finger listened as the leader chanted a song to the Indian doll. "We dance and feast for you, O Grandmother. We have worked hard. We have hunted and brought in meat. We have planted corn and harvested it. The women have ground it into meal. We ask you, O grandmother, to give us all good health."



The drum beat *boom, boom, boom, boom*. The crowd cheered, "*Kweya! Kweya!*" Cut Finger cheered too. She watched the doll which seemed to dance on the long stick. "*Kweya! Kweya!*"

Twelve times the dance went round and round. The doll was passed from one Indian clan to another. Each clan danced around it, twelve rounds. Twelve was a





sacred number to the Delaware Indians. There were twelve skies. The Great Spirit lived in the twelfth heaven, a sacred place. Everything in the dance must be done twelve times. In this way, the work and prayers of the Delaware Indians would reach to the twelfth heaven and be heard by the Great Spirit.

When this sacred dance was over, the Indian



leader took the doll from the long stick and wrapped it in a buckskin blanket. Tuck Horse gave strings of wampum beads to the drummer and leader, to thank them. Indians clapped and laughed. They would have good health and grow strong for another year.

Cut Finger was growing as strong as the young corn she helped her mother plant the next spring. "We use each grain," her mother said. She made a small hole in the ground with a stick, and put a grain into it. Cut Finger followed, covering the seed with the warm earth.

"The Great Spirit watches it. We use every ear, every part of it." Cut Finger's mother showed her how. From cornhusks they wove baskets and mats. It was fun shaping the husks into dolls and toys.

"We paint them now, with berry juice and walnut husks boiled over fire," Cut Finger's mother said.

Cut Finger learned how to weave warm blankets of wool. The wool came from the head of a buffalo. The wool was colored too, with juice from berries, roots and nuts.

"You will be a good squaw soon," her mother said, showing her how to cook. "Deer stew cooked with bear fat makes deer meat taste good." They cooked in large iron kettles. They smoked deer meat over coals of fire, after rubbing the skin with sharp knives.

Other Indians were sharpening their knives and arrows for war. British soldiers at Detroit were giving them guns to fight the settlers.

Tuck Horse said, "We must leave, and find land where there is no war." He led his squaw and Indian



princess south, toward the lands of the Miami Indians, in Indiana. One day they passed by bloody ground. Indians had been fighting. Cut Finger saw an Indian brave, lying wounded on the ground.

"We will help him," she said. Cut Finger cared for the wounded Miami until he was well and strong.

"I must return to my people at Ke-ki-on-ga," the Miami Indian, She-po-co-nah, said.

Tuck Horse looked at his daughter. "You have cared for this Indian as though you love him. Do you want to be with him always?" he asked.

"Yes, good father," Cut Finger answered. She became the wife of the Miami brave, She-po-co-nah. They went to Ke-ki-on-ga to live. It was the trading post of Little Turtle, chief of the Miami.

"You are a good wife, strong and brave like a little bear," her husband said. Cut Finger was now called Ma-con-a-quah, Little Bear Woman, by her Miami Indian friends. She became friends with Chief Little Turtle, and his white son, William Wells.

"White soldiers are marching against us," Chief Little Turtle told his Miami. "We must leave Ke-ki-on-ga, to trick the white soldiers," he said. "All the squaws must go to my town at Ke-na-po-co-mo-co."

Little Bear Woman went with the squaws. When they returned, they found white soldiers had burned their wigwams and destroyed their corn. Little Bear Woman did not trust white men any more. Too many times they had chased Indians from their homes.

"We must give up more land. The Great White Father, George Washington, asks us," Little Turtle said. White people were coming to Ke-ki-on-ga. Little Bear Woman and her husband decided to leave.

"We will find land on the river Miss-iss-in-e-wa," her Indian husband said. "The Osage Village is there."

For a while the couple was happy there. They had four children, two girls and two boys. Little Bear Woman was a good mother. She-po-co-nah was a good father. But his days for fighting were over.

"I can fight no more," he said. "I am getting old."

"But Indians must fight! We must win back the lands we were forced to give to the white people. We





will all be driven away! Indians must return to Indian ways!" The Great Indian Chief, Te-cum-seh, talked and tried to get other tribes to fight and win back their land.

She-po-co-nah shook his head. "We will move again. We will find land and have our own town," he said.

The family went up the Miss-iss-in-e-wa River of Indiana, and built Deaf Man's Village. Little Bear Woman had a big two-story log house. The good wife helped her husband plant corn and raise ponies. There were more than one hundred ponies in the herd. She was a rich squaw when her Indian husband died.

White men were getting rich, too, by trade with the Indians. A trader named George Ewing stopped at the large house of the rich squaw one night in 1835. He needed a place to stay, and he had heard of this good squaw who lived there with her daughters.

"You are welcome to stay the night," Little Bear Woman said in Miami words.

George Ewing, the trader, spoke Miami words too. He saw what good Indian squaws these women were. The house was neat and clean. The daughters were very kind to their mother.

"I am old now," Little Bear Woman said to the trader. They were alone, sitting by the fire. "I will die soon. There is something I must tell you."

Little Bear Woman, whose face was brown from sun and wind, lifted the edge of her shawl. "I am white," she said, showing her arms, not browned by the sun. "I will tell you about my life as an Indian."

The trader was surprised. "Do you remember anything before you were taken by the Indians?"

"I remember that my name was Slocum. We lived by the Susquehanna River. My father wore a broad-brimmed hat. That is all."

"Your father was a Quaker, if he wore a broad-brimmed hat. There are Quakers in Pennsylvania. Perhaps your family is there."

"But do not tell, until I die. I will rest beside my husband here. They will raise a white flag for me, to let the Great Spirit take my soul," Little Bear Woman said and smiled.

"But your white family may still be looking for

you,” George Ewing said, “even after all this time.”

“To take me back? No. I am an Indian, always.”

George Ewing thought much about this story. Should he try to find the Slocum family of this Indian squaw? He wrote a letter to Pennsylvania. Two years passed before it was printed in a newspaper. At last the Slocum family had word that an Indian squaw living in Indiana might be their lost sister.

“We must go to Indiana, and see if this Indian squaw is Frances,” Joseph Slocum said to his brother and sister.

“Yes, we promised our mother we would never stop looking for her.” The family had spent their lives trying to find little Frances.

Over rough roads they went by horse and carriage to Indiana. A guide who spoke Miami words went with them to Deaf Man’s Village.

What did these white men want? the Indian squaw asked. She did not know English words. She talked and acted like an Indian. She was quiet. She did not seem to trust these white strangers.

Could she really be little Frances, the family pet taken from them when she was five years old? The brothers were not sure.

“Our little sister had a cut finger,” Joseph said to the Indian squaw. She did not know what he was saying. “Ask her to show us her left hand,” he said.

Little Bear Woman’s finger had no fingernail.

“Ask her how it happened,” the brothers said.

“My brother hit it with a hammer a long time ago, when I was very little,” the Indian woman answered.





“Frances! You are Frances! You are our lost sister. Your finger proves it,” the two brothers said.

The Indian squaw nodded. “Yes, Frances was my name. I remember that.”

“We left sister Mary at the hotel. She was too tired to come here. Won’t you come to see her there?”

Frances Slocum was afraid. Could she really trust these white men who called themselves her brothers? Should she go to the hotel several miles away? She did not know. She was silent, wrapped in her blanket.

The next day was Sunday. Indians riding horses were coming into town. They made a real parade this time. Little Bear Woman was leading it. She sat proud and straight on her pony. Her daughters and sons followed. All were dressed in beaded buckskin.

Little Bear Woman had come to visit the white strangers who called themselves her family.

Little Bear Woman had brought a gift of smoked deer. Mary, her sister, took the gift and said, “Oh Frances, you are my little sister. You must come back



with us, to your own people. Please, dear sister.”

“No, never,” Frances Slocum answered. “I love my Indian family. I will stay with them and die here. I want to keep this land for them.” The Indian woman would not change her mind.

At last her family left. They were sad, for they knew they would never see her again.

Other sad things were happening now, too. The Indians were being driven from their land. The white soldiers watched to see that the Miami went away from Indiana to a land out west. Frances Slocum did not want to leave her home. She needed help. Could she trust white men?

The story of her life was told at the Capitol of the United States. A law was passed to let Frances Slocum keep her land and stay in Indiana with her family. One of her relatives, a nephew and his family, moved to Indiana to help her.

Frances Slocum was happy. At last she could call white people friends.

## About "Abe Lincoln's Pioneer Days"

Abraham Lincoln was the sixteenth President of the United States. He grew up in pioneer days, in a state that was growing up, too.

The Lincolns came to Indiana from Kentucky in 1816, the year Indiana became a state. Abraham was only seven when the Lincolns moved to Pigeon Creek. But he was not too young to do his share of the chores. He was a good and willing worker.

When Abe was ten years old, his mother died. It was a sad, hard time for Abe and his twelve-year-old sister, Sarah. But when Abe's father remarried the following year, Abe and his sister had a mother's love and care again.

"Abe Lincoln's Pioneer Days" tells about Abe as a boy of 12 and as a boy of 16.







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## 6

### Abe Lincoln's Pioneer Days

The first sign of spring was coming to the deep and quiet woods. Already sap was starting to flow in the maple trees.

The sharp sound of an ax rang through the woods. Bears awoke from their winter sleep. A wildcat left tracks in the snow. A deer swam through the creek, and far away a wolf howled. From a maple tree, a red bird called.

A young boy stood under the tree. He looked up and smiled as a great cloud of pigeons rose from the treetops. He watched them spread their wings and fly away. Abe Lincoln loved the woods and the animals living in them.

Abe turned as his father spoke to him.

"They are a sight to see, aren't they, Abe?" Tom Lincoln rested on his ax handle and watched the birds over his head. "Beautiful birds, pigeons. Gave this place a good name. Pigeon Creek. The right name for this place."

Abe picked up his ax. With the handle, he wrote the words PIGEON CREEK in the snow. Then he wrote his own name, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and the date, FEBRUARY 12, 1821. Today was his twelfth birthday.

"No time to stand and dream, Abe," his father said. "Come along, boy." Tom Lincoln began to cut a path through the woods. He cleared the way to a maple tree, then made a small hole in it. Sap would run from the hole into the bucket hung just below.

Abe knew there was a hard day's work ahead of them. But he didn't mind. It would be worth it, to get the sap. Abe was hungry for something sweet. And from the maple sap would come syrup for the cornbread, and the hard sugar candy he and his sister Sally loved.

Today his job was to cut the paths to the trees and hang buckets on them. Later he would have to carry many buckets of sap to the big iron kettles. Fires had to be kept going night and day under these kettles. Sap had to boil a long time before it turned into syrup.

"You learn every tree in the woods at sugar-making time," Tom Lincoln said. "Plenty of trees here. Walnut, oak and lots more besides the maples. These are the best woods I've ever seen."







That night Abe stretched out in front of the fireplace inside the cabin. It was his favorite place for reading or writing. When he wanted to write, he used a piece of burned wood on a big wood shovel. He copied words his mother marked in a book.

Sometimes he read words he didn't know. "*The heart of the prudent seeketh knowledge*," he read out loud. "What does that mean, Ma?"

His mother sat spinning and singing by the fireplace. She looked down at Abe and smiled. "Prudent means wise and right."

Abe frowned. He still did not know.

"But what do all the words put together mean?"

"You do ask questions! Together the words mean: *If your heart is right, you will want to learn.*"

"Then my heart must be right, for I sure want to learn." Abe looked up at his mother and grinned.

It was true. Abe did want to learn. He was always the first one to get to school, even though he had to walk a mile and a half through the woods. Sometimes he built the fire and cleaned the schoolroom.

"Abe's first in his class, too. He is the best speller in Pigeon Creek," his sister Sally said.

"The best speaker, too," said Abe's mother.

Abe proved it on Fridays. Friday was the day for spelling bees, speeches and manners. Everyone liked to hear Abe give a speech.

Abe liked to talk. But he liked to listen, too. When a passing traveler stayed at the Lincoln cabin, Abe asked questions by the dozen. More and more travelers began to pass by. The path to the Lincoln cabin became a



good road by the time Abe was thirteen. Abe ran out every time he saw a traveler. He had many, many questions to ask.

"Now, Abe, you know it's not right to be asking grown-ups so many questions. Run along, boy. Run along," Tom Lincoln said.

But Abe wanted to know more about everything. For a while, he carried a book about George Washington in his pocket. It belonged to a neighbor.

"You're a smart boy, Abe. How long have you gone to school?" The neighbor, Joe Crawford, asked.

"About a year. Three terms and three teachers at Pigeon Creek. But I read every book I can get. That's one way to be smart."

Abe decided he was not smart when Mr. Crawford's book got wet. It made a sorry sight. "I'll work to buy you another," he said.

"I'll give you the book, if you work for it. Work in my cornfield for three days and I'll be satisfied."

Abe worked hard for three days and then he owned another book.



### Abe Becomes A Ferryman

When Abe was sixteen, he was old enough to leave home and get a job.

"I'll hire you," said Mr. Taylor. "Six dollars a month. You can help on the farm and run my ferryboat on Anderson River." Six dollars a month was good pay for a young fellow.

Abe liked the ferryboat best of all. The quiet country came alive around its rivers. Abe could learn what was going on. He could meet people, all kinds.





There were peddlers who wanted to cross on the ferry. There were farmers, traders and preachers. They all told stories about their adventures. Thieves and bad men also traveled on the river. But Abe never feared. He was the best fighter from Pigeon Creek and could whip anybody who asked for a fight.

There was time to watch the river from the ferry landing. He could see steamboats puffing along. Keel boats with poles and ropes moved slowly upstream. Flatboats heavy with cargoes floated down.

Many flatboats were loaded with cargo at Bates Landing. It was a busy port on the Ohio, at the mouth of Anderson River. Barrels of pork, hams, corn and other Indiana products were going downriver.

Coming back on other boats were cargoes of salt, tea, sugar, dishes, barrels of molasses and kegs of nails.

The songs of the rivermen came to Abe's ears across the water. River songs and fiddlers' tunes from the steamboats came in on the river breeze. The sounds drifted close when boats pulled up at the bank.

Steamboats stopped for wood. Keelboats landed cargoes. Rowboats came from farms in Kentucky. Many farmers traded at the town of Troy.

At the ferry landing Abe had time to read, to think and to wonder.

"Anybody there?" a peddler standing by his horse and wagon called one day. He wanted to cross on the ferry. "Hello, who's there?"

"Coming," Abe Lincoln answered. He was sitting in the morning sun, reading a book about the laws of Indiana.

"Hey," the peddler called again. "Are you gonna fetch me across, or not?"

"I'm coming." Why hurry? Abe was strong enough to get the boat across in half the time it took others. He put the book under his shirt and jumped on the flatboat. The boat looked like a raft with a fence around it.

A bell on the boat rang as the boat moved. The sound brought folks to the ferry landing, for the ringing bell meant travelers.



Travelers were very welcome, for they brought news.

"What's your business, Mister?" Abe asked.

"Selling medicine. *Dr. Dodd's Dragon Juice*. Cures everything what ails you. Leastways that's what it claims. A body can get rich, selling this." The peddler took a bottle from his pocket. "You'd better get some yourself."



"Never was sick in my life. Had a sore toe once, from chopping wood."

"Well, I've got saddlebags full of juice, for sick folks and well ones too. Where's the next town?"

"Gentryville, near where I'm from. There's a post office at Gentry's store. Started last summer. Takes only two weeks for news from the East. Do you have any news, Mister?" Abe always wanted news.

When they reached the landing, folks were waiting to see the stranger.

"Gather round, and hear all about *Dr. Dodd's Dragon Juice!*" the peddler shouted from his wagon.

People stood around to listen as the peddler shouted:

"It'll cure your ills and your cattle, too.

Keeps you fit for whatever you do.

Get your bottle, each a dollar.

I'll trade for tobacco, or a horse's collar!"

The people laughed but didn't buy much.

After he had sold a few bottles, the peddler decided to move on to Gentryville. Maybe trade would be better there. The people who had come to the ferry landing left. There was work to do.

But some of the children stayed. If Abe wasn't too busy, maybe he would tell them some stories. Abe was a wonderful storyteller. About two weeks later, two strangers carrying small trunks came toward Abe.

"Who runs this boat?" they asked him.

"I do," Abe answered.

"Will you take us and our trunks out to that steam-boat?" they asked.

Abe turned and looked at the boat steaming down the river. He could take them out all right. But Abe didn't have a license to run his own ferry. Abe stood looking at the steamboat, thinking.

"Why are you just standing there?" they asked.

"Just thinking," Abe answered.

"This is no time to be thinking," the second man said. "While you stand around thinking, the river boat will steam downriver and leave us behind."

Suddenly Abe's eyes filled with laughter. His mouth opened in a wide smile. True, he didn't have a license to run his own ferry across the Ohio River. But he wasn't going to ferry the men across the river. No, sir. All Abe had to do was take them out to the middle of the river, and leave them there.

"Well?" the first man cried.

"Climb aboard," Abe answered. He began to lift the heavy trunks on to his flatboat.

The ferry charged six cents for a round trip across and back over the Anderson River. Abe didn't know what to charge for going halfway across the Ohio River. But he would get *something*. And every bit of money he could make would help.

The travelers sat on the trunks, their eyes on the steamboat. Would they make it in time? Abe did not worry. He was young and strong. He could row them out to meet the boat with time to spare.

The men stood up as they came toward the steamboat. They shouted and waved. At last the steamboat cut its steam. It slowed down.

"We want to get on board," the men shouted. The

steamboat stopped and waited. Abe lifted the trunks to men on board the boat. He helped his two passengers climb on board, too. The steamboat blew its whistle, and began to move on again.

From the deck of the ship, the two men waved at Abe. Abe waved back. Then he remembered. His passengers hadn't paid their fare.

"Wait!" Abe cried. "You've forgotten to pay me."

The men looked down at the excited boy.

"So we have," they laughed. "So we have."

Both men reached into their pockets. Each man tossed money down into Abe's boat.

"Thank you. Thank you," Abe called after them.

"Thank you," they called back.

Abe bent down and picked up the money. When he saw what the coins were, he couldn't believe his eyes. Two silver half-dollars! In less than a day, he had earned a whole dollar. Abe Lincoln would never forget this moment.

He smiled big. He felt big. Something about the river made him hope big, too.

Abe looked down the river at the steamboat disappearing in the distance. He would be going down the river one of these days. Some day he would leave Pigeon Creek and Anderson River far behind. But he would never forget his growing years in Indiana.





## About “Teacher on the Roof”

This story was adapted from the book *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, written by Edward Eggleston in 1871. Edward Eggleston was born in Vevay, Indiana. Although he lived in other states for a while, he came back to Indiana to write his books. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, like his other books, gave a good picture of Hoosier life and customs during pioneer times.

Schools in pioneer days were very different from schools today. And school customs were very different, too. In “Teacher on the Roof” the children get a new teacher, and learn a lesson not in their school books.

## Teacher on the Roof

"So you want to be the new schoolmaster?" Mr. Means looked at the man standing in front of him. Then he grinned. Why, this young fellow didn't look strong enough to be a teacher.

"What's your name, young fellow?" Mr. Means asked.

"Ralph Hartsook."

"Well now, Hartsook, this is Flat Creek, you know. Takes a smart man to be schoolmaster here." Mr. Means turned to his son Bud, who was listening. "How long before you boys throw this one out?" he wanted to know.

Bud stared. Then he said, "Long before Christmas."

Mr. Means laughed and winked.

"Those boys drove out the last two teachers. Still want the job, Hartsook?"

"Yes," Ralph Hartsook said. He got a bulldog look in his eyes. Nobody was going to drive him out of school!

"School starts Monday. Better come home with me. You can stay at my house. Until you start boarding around, anyway." The schoolmaster didn't want to start his boarding at the Means house. But he did as he was told. Teachers had to take turns living at the homes of the students.



At the Means house, the schoolmaster kept looking at Bud. He had to make friends with Bud. Then he could win over the other big boys, too. That night the new teacher told story after story of far-off places and strange happenings. Everyone in the Means family listened with wide eyes. Never had they heard such stories. After a while, the schoolmaster stopped talking. The youngest boy, Bill, shook his head.

"I would rather listen to the schoolmaster than go to a circus," he said.

The schoolmaster looked at Bud. But Bud looked down at the floor. He didn't say anything at all.

Next morning, the schoolmaster walked to school with Bud.

"You don't look very strong to me," Bud said suddenly. "What will you do with the tough boys? Whip them?"

"I don't think so."

"Are you afraid?" Bud asked. He stopped walking and put his arm out in front of the teacher. "Are you afraid of me? I'm the worst one of all. I was the one who drove out the last schoolmaster. I'm bigger and



stronger than you are. Aren't you afraid of me?"

"No." The schoolmaster pushed Bud's arm away.

"Why not?"

"Because you and I are going to be friends."

Bud shook his head. Friends with a schoolmaster? Not Bud Means. And not the other big boys, either.

The children were all very quiet the first day of school. Even the big boys had nothing to say. But the second day was different. To begin with, the schoolmaster walked to school by himself. When he got to the classroom, he stopped. He could tell something was going on. The smaller children had their hands over their mouths. They were trying very hard not to laugh. The big boys kept their faces still. But their eyes were full of mischief.

"I wonder if they have put something on my chair," the schoolmaster thought. He did not look. But he did not sit down. Instead, he opened his desk.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" A puppy barked at him as soon as the desk opened. The children laughed and laughed. What a trick to play on the new teacher! Then everyone was quiet. What would the schoolmaster do? Would he try to whip some of the big boys?

The teacher looked down at the puppy. The little dog was barking and wagging his tail.

The teacher looked at the big boys. They were staring at him. "What mean fellow," the teacher asked, "put his *brother* in a place like that?"

It wasn't much of a joke. But it made everyone laugh. And this time they laughed with the teacher and not at him.



"Bill Means," the schoolmaster said. "Put the dog outside, please. I don't think he is ready for spelling."

Bill was so surprised he put the dog out at once.

That night, Mr. Means shook his head.

"That schoolmaster has to go," he told Mrs. Means. "He didn't whip anybody."

"Well, how could he?" Mrs. Means asked. "He didn't know who did it."

"Makes no difference. He could have picked any one of those boys. A good licking wouldn't hurt a one of them. I say boys don't learn a thing unless they get a licking. It's the only way. Licking and learning go together," Mr. Means shouted. "No licking. No learning. I've said it before, and I'll say it again. Licking and learning. Licking and learning. It's the only way."

"He should take a switch to Hank Banta, anyway," Mrs. Means said. "That Hank Banta is just about the meanest boy alive."

The schoolmaster was soon to find out about Hank. A few days later, the teacher was on his way to the school house. On the way, he met little Shocky. Shocky didn't have a last name. He was an orphan, and lived with a family who had taken him in. Shocky didn't like to see anyone hurt.

"Oh, Mr. Hartsook," Shocky said. He looked around to make sure no one could see him talking to the teacher. "There's a pool of water under the school house. And Hank Banta . . ."

"Has Hank fallen in?" Mr. Hartsook asked. "We must run and help him."

"No, no, sir. It's *you* he wants to get in."



“Me?”

“Yes, sir. He’s pulled up the board that you have to step on to get behind your desk. He’s fixed it so when you step on it, it will tip and you’ll fall backward right into the water.”

“Thank you, Shocky. You are a good friend,” the teacher said. He rubbed his hand over Shocky’s thick hair. “Everybody should have at least one good friend. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes sir,” Shocky cried, and ran away.     — — —

When Mr. Hartsook walked into the school room, he did not seem to see the trap set for him. But he was careful to step over the board. Hank had told the boys to watch the schoolmaster. When nothing happened, they looked down at their slates again.

The morning passed. The fire in the fireplace burned low. And Hank Banta, who was doing a “sum,” forgot about his trap. After a while, Hank put the sum to one side. He began to draw pictures on his slate. The girls around him giggled and giggled. The schoolmaster looked at Hank. But Hank looked back as if he had no idea what was going on.

The schoolmaster made up his mind to teach Hank and the whole school one good lesson.

“Hank,” Mr. Hartsook called.

Hank looked surprised. “Me?”

“Yes, you, Hank. Step right up here behind me.”

Hank stepped on the loose board. One end flew up in the air. Hank slipped down the other end into the icy water.

“Why, Hank!” Mr. Hartsook cried. He jumped to



his feet. "How did that happen?" He pulled Hank up and helped him to the fire. Then the schoolmaster turned to the rest of the class.

"That was a mean trick somebody played. The person who moved that board should be ashamed of himself!" The schoolmaster did not look at Hank. But every other eye in the class was on him. Hank's face turned red. Mr. Hartsook went on talking. "A person who digs a pit for the feet of another usually falls into it himself." This time the teacher turned and looked right into Hank's eyes.

That night, Bud came over to the schoolmaster. He

said, "Thunder and lightning! You're a smart one. You're the smartest teacher we've ever had in Flat Creek."

For a while after that, things went well in school. The children did their lessons, and there were no more tricks. But then someone began to tell lies about the schoolmaster. There were whispers, and more whispers. The big boys thought it was time to drive out the schoolmaster. They stood around all day in small groups, talking and talking. When the schoolmaster looked up, or came close, they stopped talking.

Mr. Hartsook had now been teaching several months. But now Christmas was coming. In those days, the children had to ask the teacher if they could stay home Christmas and New Year's Day. The teacher could say no. If he did, then the children would try to "turn out" the schoolmaster. They would try to keep him out of the schoolhouse.

The schoolmaster waited and waited for someone to ask him about Christmas. He was going to say yes. But the days went by, and nothing was said.

Hank Banta called Bud Means to one side.

"You listen, Bud, we're going to show him a thing or two."

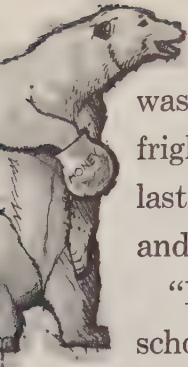
"But you haven't even asked him," Bud said. "That isn't fair."

"Fair? To a schoolmaster? Are you out of your mind?" Hank asked with surprise.

"Anyway," Bud went on. "He's a smart one. I bet he won't let us get away with anything."

All that day, things looked black. The teacher's face





was cold and hard as a stone. Little Shocky looked frightened. And the big boys went on whispering. At last, the school day was over. Everyone left but Bud and Hank.

"Listen, Bud," Hank said. "You meet us at the schoolhouse at nine o'clock tonight. We'll stay here all night. Then when the schoolmaster comes in the morning . . ." Hank grinned. He had a little surprise waiting for the teacher.

At nine o'clock that night, all the boys were in the school. Most of them fell asleep right away. But at ten o'clock, Hank Banta looked out the window. He saw a face looking back in at him. He woke up Bud.

"Bud, I swear I saw a face looking in. I swear it was the schoolmaster."

"Well, why are you shaking?" Bud asked. "He isn't going to shoot you. And he never whips anybody." Bud shook his head. "I'll tell you one thing, Hank. I bet he beats you at this game. I'll bet you a horse he beats all of us. I think when this is all over, he'll make us ashamed of ourselves. We'll feel as silly as a bear with his paw stuck in the honeypot."

"Not me," Hank said.

"You don't know the schoolmaster. He taught you one lesson. I think soon you're going to learn another one."

"Not me," Hank said again. But after Bud fell asleep, Hank kept looking out into the dark night. He thought he saw faces. He was sure he heard someone walking. He began to wish he were home!

Next morning, the children came to school early.

At last it was almost time for school to open.

"I don't think he's coming," said Hank. He shivered. "It's past school time."

"Yes, he will," Bud answered. "And he'll be inside by nine o'clock. I don't know how. But he'll be standing at his desk. I'll bet a thousand dollars." Bud looked at Hank and winked. "If he doesn't blow us all up first."

Hank's face turned white.

By this time, some of the grownups had come along. They wanted to see the fun. They were sure Bud would whip the schoolmaster if he tried to break in.

It was now almost nine o'clock. Still no schoolmaster. Then a cry went up.

"There he comes! There's the schoolmaster!"

Mr. Hartsook came walking up to the school, carrying a board.

Hank, looking out the window, laughed.

"Ha, ha, ha. He thinks he'll smoke us out. I guess he will find us ready for that!"

The boys had let the fire burn down. There was nothing in the fireplace now but some hot coals. Benches were piled against the door to keep the schoolmaster out.

"Do you think the teacher will get in?" Hank asked.

"Ask me when the next shooting star is going to fall. The schoolmaster has his ways. He'll get in. And he'll tan your hide. Wait and see. Unless . . ." Bud stopped talking.

"Unless what?" Hank asked in a frightened voice.

"Unless he blows up the schoolhouse!"



The boys looked at each other. This schoolmaster wasn't like the others. They never knew what he was going to do next. Would he blow up the schoolhouse? They began to wonder what he would do.

"I tell you he'll come in," Bud said. "There are lots of ways of killing a cat besides choking her with butter. He'll come in. If he doesn't blow us sky high first."

Now the boys could hear the schoolmaster.

"Open this door," Mr. Hartsook said.

Hank was frightened. He didn't want to be blown sky high. "Let's open the door," he said.

But now Bud was angry.

"I have a good mind to kick you. You got us into this mess. Well, now you've got to see it through. You touch that door and you'll be flat on your back."

While the boys talked, the teacher was busy. He was climbing to the roof with the board in his hand.

"He can't get them out that way," Mr. Means said. "There's no smoke coming out the chimney."

The schoolmaster was now near the chimney. He took a bag of powder from his pocket. Then he shook the powder down the chimney.

Mr. Means shouted, "Gunpowder!" He ran away. Some of the other men ran away, too. The schoolmaster went right on with what he was doing. He put the board over the chimney.

Inside the schoolhouse, the boys heard the cry. Gunpowder! He was going to blow them sky high! The schoolroom filled with thick yellow smoke. The boys began to choke. They pulled the benches away from the door. Hank rubbed his eyes and coughed. He





was sure that he had been blown up. Now the other boys ran out. They were crying and coughing and rubbing their eyes, too.

The powder the schoolmaster had used was sulphur. When sulphur burns, it has a terrible smell. The sulphur on the hot coals was enough to drive the boys out!

As soon as everyone was out, the schoolmaster pulled the board off the chimney. He jumped down to the ground. Then he went inside and opened the windows. All the children followed him. Everyone was very quiet. What would the schoolmaster do now? Would he whip Hank? Would he have a fight with Bud? All eyes were on the schoolmaster.

Mr. Hartsook looked at his watch.

"Well," he said. "It is just nine o'clock. I'm very glad to see you are all here on time." He leaned against his desk, and shook his head. "If you had asked me yesterday, I would have told you you could have the day off. But now . . ."

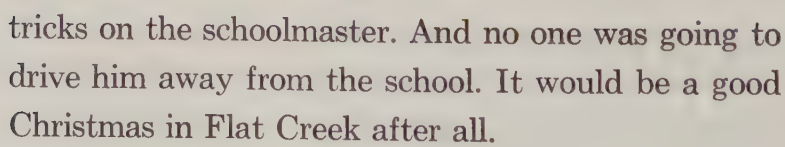
The children sighed. Of course. This was it. Now the schoolmaster would punish them, one and all.

"But now," the teacher smiled, "I think you shall have the day off anyhow. School is dismissed."

Dismissed! The children ran out, happy and free as birds. Hank thought about what Bud had said. Hank was ashamed and sorry, and he did feel as silly as a bear with his paw stuck in the honeypot.

Bud made up his mind to give Hank a whipping for all the trouble Hank had made.

Mr. Hartsook sat at his desk after everyone was gone. He smiled to himself. There would be no more



## About "A City Is Born"

*The following story was adapted from the book Hoosier City by Jeannette Covert Nolan, published in 1943 by Julian Messner, Inc.*

Most cities are not planned. They just grow. Often a city has its beginning when a few people settle in a new place. Soon more people come. They build homes and stores. Because people build where they like, and how they like, the city does not grow as it should. Later on, people living in the city find that the streets are too narrow. Or the buildings are not in the right places.

But Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, did not grow by chance. It was located in almost the exact center of the state. The main part of the city was laid out by a city planner, Alexander Ralston.

Alexander Ralston was one of the men who had made a plan for our national capital, Washington, D.C. He was also the man who planned the capital city of our state.

It is interesting to know that a girl of 13 helped her city grow. We owe much to Alexander Ralston and his young helper, Sarah Anne Nowland. Let us see how Sarah Anne helped plan the capital city of Indiana.





## A City Is Born

"I don't want to ride in the wagon," John said. "I want to ride on a feather mattress, too."

Twelve-year-old Sarah Anne looked down at her brother and laughed. She was sitting on one of the horses. As a saddle, she was using her rolled-up feather mattress.

"Let him ride, Pa," she said to her father. "We may never have saddles like these again."

Matthias Nowland laughed too. It was a funny sight to see the family's feather mattresses rolled up over the backs of the horses. But it was moving day. And things had to be packed one way or another. Mr. Nowland picked up six-year-old John and swung him up on a horse.

"Me too!" four-year-old Charles cried. "Me too!"

Up went Charles on another horse. The three children grinned at each other. Moving day was fun.

From the wagon, their mother called to her husband. "We are ready, Matthias."

Mr. Nowland turned and took one last look before he got into the wagon, which was pulled by six horses. His mother and his wife were sitting in front. The other children were inside. Behind the wagon came more horses, loaded with everything they needed. There were furniture, and tools, and pots and pans,

and the spinning wheel. And, of course, the warm, wonderful feather mattresses.

The Nowlands were leaving Kentucky. They were going to Indiana, right to the very center of the state. The Nowlands were headed for the Fall Creek Settlement. In this year of 1820, the Settlement was not a village yet. But it soon would be. Log cabins and lean-tos were already scattered through the forest. And there was plenty of water. Fall Creek, of course, was the little creek from which the settlement got its name. But there was also a larger stream, called the White River. It was a good place to settle, the Nowlands thought. Talk was that the new capital of Indiana would be right at this spot.

It was a long, hard trip, and it took days of travel over bad roads. Nights the Nowlands camped in some strange places. Meals came at all hours, whenever Mr. Nowland felt it was time to stop. They did not eat at a table, as they did back home in Kentucky. They just ate at any time, in any way they could.

Sarah Anne and her brothers didn't mind. It was adventure all the way, and fun, too. Twice John fell off his horse, head over heels, onto the side of the road. Charles and Sarah Anne laughed and laughed. They laughed even harder when the feather mattress unrolled and slid down on top of John. Then Sarah Anne's horse threw her. Down she went, slipping and sliding until she landed in the weeds at the edge of the road. While her mouth was still open with surprise, Sarah Anne's feather mattress fell off on top of her.

Mr. Nowland stopped the wagon, and helped the





children get the mattresses rolled up again. Then he threw the mattresses back on the horses.

John grinned at Sarah Anne. He said, "I guess I had the last laugh, after all."

"Oh, don't be such a *boy*," Sarah Anne answered. She put her nose up in the air. But then she had to giggle. She must have looked very funny when the mattress had sailed through the air and covered her.



At last they came to the Ohio River. The Nowlands had never seen anything so beautiful. The sun made the water dance with golden light. The children stood and stared, their eyes wide with wonder. Suddenly Charles pushed Sarah Anne, and pointed.

"There's the ferry Pa told us about. We're going on the ferry. We're going on the ferry." Charles began to jump up and down with joy. It was the most exciting minute of his whole life.

On the ferry, the children could not take their eyes off the ferryman. He was a tall, strong white man. But he was dressed just like an Indian. And he wore rings! Not on his fingers, but in his ears and his nose. It was a sight the children would always remember.

On land again, the Nowlands still had a long way to go. "Will we ever get there?" four-year-old Charles asked. He was tired of traveling.

"In another two days," his father answered.

But it was going on toward night three days later when the Nowlands came to a stop at last. They were in a clearing in the woods.

"Well, here we are," Mr. Nowland said. He pointed to a cabin standing in the clearing. The children climbed out of the wagon, and looked around.

"Where is here, Pa?" Charles asked. It didn't look like any place special to him.

"Right where I said we would be. In the middle of the state of Indiana. In fact, right in the middle of the new capital."

Sarah Anne jumped down from her horse and laughed at her father.



"Oh, Pa," she said. "You're so funny. The capital? Why, there's nothing here but trees."

Mr. Nowland reached up to help his wife down from the wagon. "Just you wait a few years, Sarah Anne. This will be a city before you know it."

Now Mr. Nowland helped his mother down. She was sixty years old, fat and jolly. Right now she was cold. The children were cold, too. They stood shivering in the high wind that whipped through the little clearing.

"Is this the Townsend cabin you told us about?" The grandmother was glad to see it. She was tired of riding. It would be good to get in and sit down on a chair that wasn't moving.

"Where is Mr. Townsend?" Sarah Anne asked. "Won't he mind if we just make ourselves at home in his cabin?"

"No," her father answered. "Mr. Townsend is a trapper. He is off in the forest. But he left word behind that anyone can use his cabin while he is gone."

"Well, let's not just stand here and freeze," Mrs. Nowland said. "Let's get in there and get warm."

John and Charles raced across the clearing. In a minute, they were back shouting.

"Pa. Pa. There isn't any door. And we can't find any windows, either. What are we going to do?"

No doors? No windows?

Grandmother Nowland began to laugh.

"I can't help it," she said, holding her sides. "I just can't help it. A cabin without doors or windows! That is the silliest thing I ever heard of!"

"Why would anybody build a cabin that way, Pa?" Sarah Anne wanted to know.

"Trappers like Mr. Townsend live all alone, deep in the wilderness," father explained. "They never know when Indians might attack them. So they build their cabins without any openings. That way there is less chance of a surprise attack."

"Why don't we just make a door?" John asked.

Mr. Nowland shook his head.

"It isn't our cabin, John. We can use it, but we can't change it. Besides, how do we know where Mr. Townsend would like his door to be?"

"Right out in front," Charles said. "That's where I would put it."

"Matthias," Grandmother Nowland called out. "Look there. That second log from the bottom seems to be loose. I think you and the boys could take it out. We can always put it back."

"You mean we will crawl in and out?" Charles asked. His face grew bright. What a wonderful idea! It was much more fun than going in through a door.

Mr. Nowland looked at his mother and smiled.

"Are you sure you can make it?" he laughed.

"The only way we'll find out is to do it," she told him. She didn't mind his making fun of her. She was fat and didn't care.

Very soon the log was out. Mrs. Nowland and the children crawled through easily enough. But then it was the grandmother's turn. She got in halfway. And that was as far as she could go. She was stuck fast, half in and half out. Inside the cabin, the children



pulled and pulled and pulled. Outside the cabin, Mr. Nowland pushed and pushed and pushed. And all through the pushing and pulling, Grandmother Nowland laughed. She laughed so hard, she shook all over.



"Granny!" Sarah Anne scolded. "Stop laughing! You're shaking so much we can't hold you."

But she was laughing, too. Everyone was. Grandmother Nowland half in and half out was funnier than anything they had ever seen before.

At last, Mr. Nowland gave her a mighty push. Grandmother Nowland landed on the floor. She sat up, wiped the tears of laughter from her eyes, and said, "See? I told you we would find out. And we did, didn't we?"

Four-year-old Charles sat down beside his grandmother.

"That was fun," he said. "Let's do it again!"

John thought about what had happened for a long time. That night he woke up Sarah Anne.

"Sarah Anne," he whispered. "I've been thinking. What would we have done if Granny was stuck forever?"

"Oh, how silly you are," Sarah Anne whispered back. "Go back to sleep."

"I wonder what time it is," John said with a big yawn.

"Pa has the watch. He says it's the only watch in town."

"Town? What town?" John asked. "It's all woods! Never mind! Just tell me one thing, how do people know what time it is without a watch?"

"They must have some way of knowing. Anyway, now that we're here, they can ask us," Sarah Anne said.

"If they don't have watches," John went on, "how do they know when to have lessons?"



"I guess they don't have lessons."

No lessons! What a wonderful place to live!

"I like this place. What did Pa say the name of this capital is?" John asked.

"It doesn't have a name yet." Sarah Anne thought about her father's words: "This will be a city before you know it." Why it wasn't even a real village! Sarah Anne could hear the wind blowing outside, a cold wind from the north. Well, they were warm enough inside. She didn't mind if Pa was wrong about this being the capital. With a wide yawn, she turned over and went to sleep.

By spring, the Nowlands had their own cabin. It was a mile or two north of the Townsend cabin. But they had a proper door! And the two windows had greased paper over them, to keep out the rain. Other cabins were built nearby. Each cabin had its own little clearing in the woods. Everyone helped each other. In this way, cabins went up very fast.

In January, the men who made the laws for the state of Indiana had a meeting. Fall Creek Settlement really had been chosen as the capital of the state. But the lawmakers wanted to give it a new name. It had to be a very special name for such an important place.

All day long, and far into the night, the lawmakers talked. When at last they stopped to go back to their rooms at the inn, they still had not been able to agree on a name.

One of the lawmakers was a man named Judge Sullivan. He had an idea, a name that he had made up. It



would be just right, a special name that no other city had. He could hardly wait for morning to come.

The next day, when the lawmakers met again, Judge Sullivan stood up.

"I have a name for our capital city. I think it should be called *Indianapolis*."

The lawmakers stared at him. At first they could not speak. *Indianapolis*? What kind of word was *that*?

Judge Sullivan went on talking.

"Indiana stands for our state. Polis is a Greek word. It means 'city.' Indianapolis means 'city of Indiana.'"

The lawmakers began to laugh. Never would they call their capital city by such a name. But the more often they said the name, the more they began to like it. After a while, they all agreed. Indianapolis it would be.

The next thing to do was to survey and map the land. Then lots could be sold, and the streets planned. A man named Alexander Ralston was asked to plan the city of Indianapolis. Alexander Ralston came from Scotland. He had helped plan the capital city of the U.S., Washington.

Alexander Ralston was a thin, quiet man with a warm smile. He had long, white hair that came to his shoulders. Sarah Anne thought it looked like silk. Mr. Ralston came to stay with the Nowlands, for their cabin was larger than others in the area. The Nowlands were happy to have him, for he was an interesting man to listen to. He told many stories about his own country, Scotland.

"You talk funny," little Charles said one day.





Mrs. Nowland said, "Charles! Tell Mr. Ralston you are sorry."

"No, no," Mr. Ralston said. "The boy is right. The way I talk does sound funny in this country." He laughed. "You should have heard me when I first came here, lad. No one understood me then."

The children laughed, too. They all liked this man with the kind face, the bright eyes, and the funny way of talking.

Mr. Ralston went on, "Not many cities are planned all new. Most city planners have to build a new city around an old city that is already there. How wonderful to be able to start fresh and new."

"But that's how all cities get started, isn't it?" John asked. "Doesn't somebody plan them?"

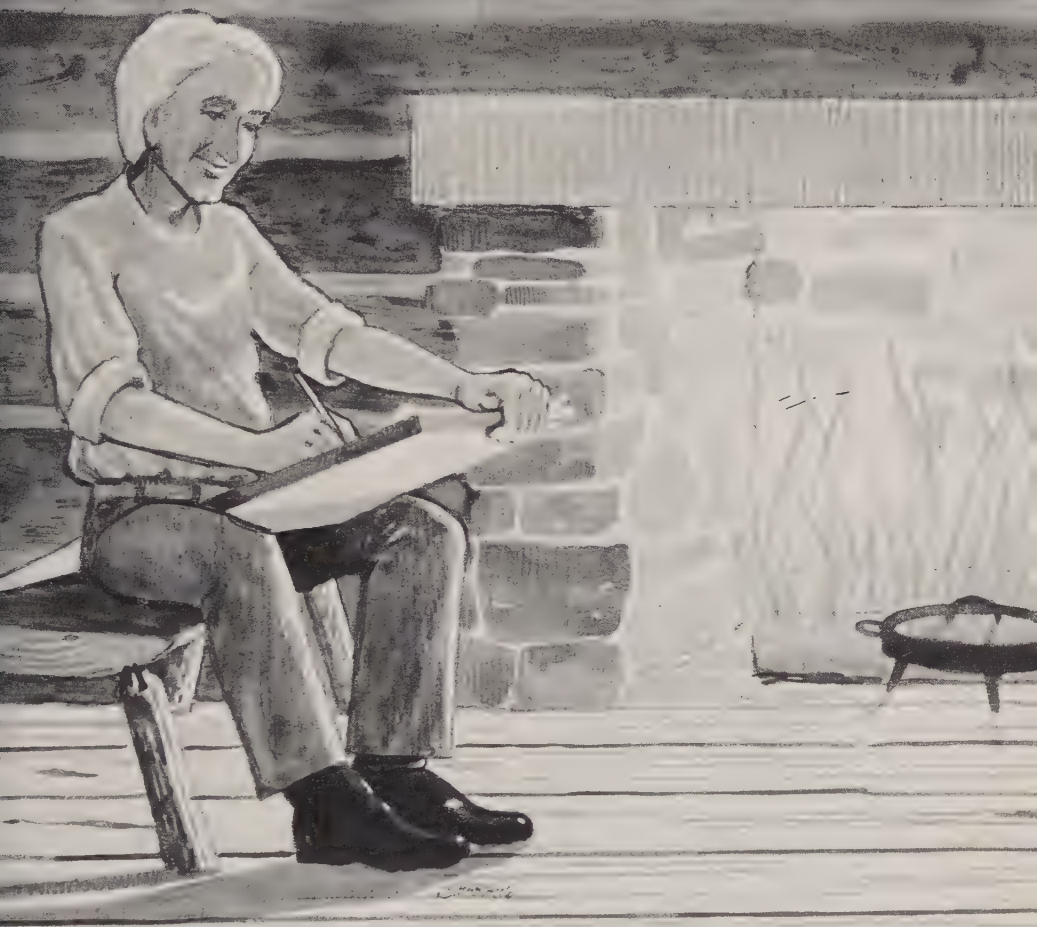
"No, John. Most cities just grow one way or another. Some people come to a new area. They decide to live near a river. Then more people come, and they build their houses, some big, some little. After a while, they find they need a church, and a school. Then someone else comes along and opens a store, or a blacksmith's shop. Another man puts up a mill. Before you know it, you have a town. But everything has just been put where somebody wanted it. It is sad when towns are not planned."

"Our national capital, Washington, was planned," Sarah Anne said.

"Are you going to plan our city like Washington?" asked John.

"If I can," Mr. Ralston answered. "One thing I am sure of. This will be a splendid city."





All day long, Mr. Ralston walked through the woods. At night, while the Nowlands watched, he made drawings in front of the fire. First, he marked off a square. Inside the square was a small, round park, thick with maple trees. This was to be the heart of Indianapolis, just as Indianapolis was to be the heart of Indiana. Around the park, he drew a circle. Around the circle he drew a street. The street was to be 80 feet wide.

“What a big street,” Sarah Anne said, when she saw how wide it was to be. “Do we need such a big street?”

"When streets are narrow, it is hard for carriages to pass each other. Besides," Mr. Ralston told her, "wide streets make a city beautiful. Narrow streets make a city look crowded."

Mr. Ralston went on drawing. North and south from the circle of maple trees he marked Meridian Street. East and west came Market Street.

Sarah Anne, watching, cried, "Mr. Ralston. You've made it look like a wagon wheel. What are those lines?"

Mr. Ralston smiled. "Those lines, as you call them, are avenues." He showed her how they would go off, in four different directions. "All of these avenues will be 90 feet wide. But Washington Street must be even wider, for it will be the main street. We will make Washington Street 125 feet wide."

Mr. Ralston did more than walk through the woods and draw on paper. He sent for some strange tools. When they came, he put them in a lean-to that Mr. Nowland helped him build at the back of the cabin. The most important tool was a box-like thing set up on three legs. Mr. Ralston called it a "transit." It was a kind of telescope. Mr. Ralston could look through it and measure distances.

Another tool he used was a long wire chain 66 feet long. It was made of wire links held together with loops.

Sarah Anne liked to watch Mr. Ralston and the other men measure distances. One of them would shout back, "Five chains and 80 links!" Sarah Anne soon learned that this distance was almost 383 feet.

One day one of the men helping Mr. Ralston broke





his arm. Now he could not carry the heavy chain.

"What shall I do now?" Mr. Ralston asked. He was talking to himself, but Sarah Anne answered.

"Mr. Ralston," she began, and stopped. What would Mr. Ralston think when he heard what she was going to say?

"Speak up, child," he told her.

"Oh, please," Sarah Anne cried. "Couldn't I carry the chain? I'm thirteen now. And I'm strong for my age. I even know how to count the links and call the numbers back to you. I've been watching and learning. I'm sure I can do it. Oh, please, Mr. Ralston!"

Mr. Ralston was surprised. A child help him? A girl?

"No, no, my child," he answered. "I don't think so."

"Why not?" Sarah Anne asked. "You do need help. Is it important who helps you?"

"Your father won't let you," Mr. Ralston said. He could not think of anything else to say.

"He will. He will. I know he will," Sarah Anne cried. Off she ran to find her father. She was so excited the words tumbled over each other as she spoke.

"Here now, slow down," Mr. Nowland said. "What's all this about chains and links?"

Sarah Anne told him again.

"Let her do it," Grandmother Nowland said. "It is not very often a child helps in the planning of a city."

"Yes, Matthias," his wife told him. "I think Sarah Anne should help."

In that spring of 1821, the weeks seemed to fly by. Sarah Anne Nowland was helping to plan the capital city of the new state of Indiana.

"We will put the Governor's house there," Mr. Ralston said. He pointed to a wide street that went in a circle around some maple trees. "The main part of the city will be within the mile square around this circle. Just a half block south will be Washington Street. It will be right here." He put his finger on the map.

"You can't do that," Sarah Anne said. "Mr. Samuels has his house there. And right next to it, Mr. MacDonald has his house."

"Then they will just have to move," Mr. Ralston told her. "Washington Street must go right here. It will be the main street east and west." He went on naming streets.



The Nowlands had watched Mr. Ralston draw their capital city on paper. Now they could see it coming to life. Families began to come from other states. Lots of people wanted to live in the new capital city. Now there were stores, a shoemaker, a carpenter, a wagon maker, even talk of having a newspaper!





Streets began to appear where there had once only been woods. They were rough and not very good. But these were pioneer times. The people were used to hard work. Everyone who could helped clear out the trees, and then the stumps.

And now, too, new houses were built. These were not just cabins and lean-tos. One man put up a frame house and painted it white. Another put up a two-story house. Not long after, Matthias Nowland started a hotel.

In two years' time, a lot of people moved to the new city. Of course, not everyone liked it. Some said Washington Street was too wide. Others didn't like the Circle. It was a strange way to build a city, they said.

But Indianapolis grew fast. And it did become the heart of a state that was in the heart of the nation. It took many people to bring it to life. But to thirteen-year-old Sarah Anne, it was always the city she had helped plan and build.

## About "The Mastodon Hunt"

A mastodon was a kind of elephant that lived in North America over eight thousand years ago. In this story, Paul Burke and his friend Jack watch as a highway worker accidentally digs up some strange-looking bones. He is digging on a part of the Burke farm that will become a new highway. Paul's father finds out that the bones are those of a mastodon.

Part of the story also tells how the same mastodon might have been hunted thousands of years ago by the ancient Indians.

A scientist from a nearby university finds the rest of the mastodon's bones. He puts them together to form a complete mastodon skeleton. The skeleton is placed in the museum for all to see.



## The Mastodon Hunt

"I think I'll call Jack," said Paul Burke. He pushed his chair back from the kitchen table.

"Finish your breakfast first," said Paul's mother.

But Paul wasn't very hungry. Here it was, early in the morning, and was it hot! Last night's rain hadn't cooled things off much.

"Where's Dad this morning?" asked Paul.

"He's gone to Midville on business," answered Mrs. Burke.

Paul's father had sold a small part of his farm to the state of Indiana. The state was building a new highway. The road would go through the back part of the Burke farm. That part of the Burke land wasn't much good for farming anyway.

Paul ate his breakfast very fast. Then he called his friend Jack on the telephone.

"Hi, Jack. Come on over. We can go watch the men work on the new road. See you soon? OK, I'll be waiting for you."

An hour later, the two boys stood on a hill and looked down at the men working on the new road. They watched machines take big bites out of the wet earth. Other machines were smoothing out the rough places.





“Hey, what’s he doing?” asked Paul. He pointed to a man digging at the bottom of the hill.

“I don’t know,” said Jack. “Maybe he’s looking for fishing worms.”

“Let’s go find out,” said Paul. “Maybe he knows a better place to fish than we do.” They slipped and slid down the muddy hillside. The man looked up at them and smiled.

“Hi, boys,” he said, resting his hand on his shovel. “How do you like the new road?”

“It’s OK, I guess,” said Jack.

“Are you looking for fishing worms?” asked Paul.

The man laughed. “No, I’m not after worms,” he said. “I’m looking for a buried telephone cable. We have to find it before the machines start digging here. They’d cut the cable right in two.” He pushed his shovel back into the soft, wet earth. The hole he had made was about four feet deep now.

Clang! His shovel hit something hard.

"Maybe it's the telephone cable," said Paul.

"We'll see," said the man. He began to dig carefully around the hard thing. "It must be a big rock," he said.

Now they could see a part of the hard thing. The man dug around the sides of the thing until most of it was loose. Then he took hold of it with both hands and pulled it out of the hole.

"That sure is a funny-looking rock," said Paul. The thing didn't look like any rock Paul or Jack had ever seen. It looked more like a big club.

The man carefully scraped some earth from one end. "It's not a rock. It's a bone," said the man. "Somebody must have buried a cow or horse here." He threw the bone to one side and started to dig again.

Paul and Jack went closer so they could take a good look at the bone. "Huh," said Paul. "That must have been some cow!" He picked up the bone and turned it over. "Say, mister," he called. "Can I have this bone?"

"Sure," the man answered.

"Would you save any bones you find?" Paul asked.

"Sure," said the man.

"Let's take this bone home and wash it off," said Paul to Jack. "You can eat lunch at my house. We can come back after lunch and see what else he's found."

"Let's go," said Jack. Paul picked up the bone. It was so heavy, the boys took turns carrying it back to the farmhouse.

Back home, Paul washed the bone with the garden hose and Jack scrubbed it with a kitchen brush. Then they dried the bone with some old rags.

Mrs. Burke came out and watched them for a min-



ute. "Don't you bring that ugly old thing in here," she said. "Take it out to the barn."

She went back into the house, shaking her head. "Ugh!" she said, talking to herself. "Bones!"

The two boys looked at each other and laughed. But they carried the bone out to the barn. They were inside the barn when Mr. Burke drove up.

"Paul, you in there?" shouted Mr. Burke. "Where did you find this?" He picked up the bone, which the boys had left leaning against the barn.

"Nice big bone, huh, Mr. Burke?" said Jack, standing in the barn door.

As Mr. Burke turned the bone over and over, Paul and Jack told him where it had come from. "The man said it was from a cow or horse," said Paul.



“Well, I’ve seen a lot of animal bones,” said Paul’s father. “But I’ve never seen one like this. It looks like a part of a backbone, but not from a cow or a horse. It’s just too big. Way too big.”

“How can we find out what kind of animal it’s from?” asked Jack.

“Hm,” said Mr. Burke. “I’m not sure. I have to go back to Midville for a while after lunch. I’ll take the bone with me and ask a few people.”

After lunch, Mr. Burke tossed the bone into the back of his truck and drove off. Paul and Jack went back to the hill. The man was still digging.

“I have some more bones for you,” said the man.

On the ground were two bones. One was long and narrow. The other was like the bone the boys had taken home.

“Thanks for saving the bones,” said Paul.

“That’s OK,” said the man.

“His dad’s trying to find out what kind of bones they are,” said Jack.

“Good luck,” the man answered. He moved off to dig in another place nearby.

Paul and Jack climbed the hill again and sat down on a log to watch. In a few minutes, the man yelled and waved something in the air. Paul slid down the hill, Jack right behind him.

“I don’t know what this is, but you can have it if you want,” said the man. In his hand he held a dirty, round thing with two bumps on top. “Looks like some kind of funny rock to me,” he said.

“Say, Paul, isn’t that your dad over there?” asked



Jack. Three men were walking quickly toward them.

"That's him, all right," said Paul. "I wonder what he's doing out here. Let's go find out."

The boys walked up to the three men. "Hi, Dad," said Paul. "What's up?"

"Boys, this is Dr. Yancey, who teaches at the University. And this man is the boss of the road work. They want to know where that bone came from," said Mr. Burke.

"Hello, boys," said Dr. Yancey. "What's that you've got there, Paul? Mind if I look at it?" Paul handed the thing to the tall man.

"That's a tooth, all right," said Dr. Yancey.

"A tooth?" said Paul. "That's a mighty big tooth!"

"What else has this fellow found?" Dr. Yancey wanted to know.

"He saved us some more bones," answered Jack. "They're over here." They walked over to look at the two bones. Dr. Yancey walked very fast in front of them. He picked up the long narrow bone and looked closely at it.

“Hey, here’s another one,” called the man who had found the bones. He threw another long narrow bone toward Dr. Yancey.

“Ribs,” said Dr. Yancey. He turned to the other man. “Say, Mr. Jakes, I’d like to bring some of my boys up from the University tomorrow. We’ll have to do some very careful digging. Just one more thing. Will you ask that fellow to stop digging for today? He’s found some mastodon bones, all right. There may be a lot more of them here.”

“Sure, it’s OK with me,” said Mr. Jakes. “But we can’t hold up work on this road just to let people dig for bones. If you can get what you want by Sunday, we won’t be in each other’s way.” He turned to the man digging. “OK, Joe,” he shouted. “You can quit for today.”

“Say, Dr. Yancey, what’s a masterdun?” asked Jack.

Dr. Yancey laughed. “First of all, it’s a mastodon, not a masterdun,” he said. “And it’s a very old kind of elephant. Over eight thousand years old, at least.”

“Let’s go back to the house and have some coffee,” said Mr. Burke. “Come on, boys. Maybe Dr. Yancey will tell us more about this animal when we get back.”

Mr. Jakes left with the man who was digging.

Dr. Yancey handed the tooth to Paul and picked up the bones. “This is what I plan to do,” Dr. Yancey said to Mr. Burke. “First thing tomorrow morning I will send my boys over to start digging.” The two men talked all the way back to the house.

After Mrs. Burke had filled the men’s coffee cups,



Dr. Yancey looked at Paul and Jack. "Well, what can I tell you about mastodons?" he asked. "I'll answer any questions I can."

"What kind of elephant is a mastodon?" asked Paul. "Don't elephants live only in Africa and India?"

"You're right, Paul," said Dr. Yancey. "That's where they live today. But eight thousand or more years ago, these mastodons lived in North America. We don't know too much about them or about the Indians who used to live here. But we do know that they sometimes hunted mastodons for meat."

"How big was a mastodon?" asked Jack.

"Well, the biggest set of bones show that a mastodon was about ten feet high and weighed ten thousand pounds."

"What did a mastodon look like, Dr. Yancey?" asked Mrs. Burke. She was interested in the bones now.

"For one thing, a mastodon had much longer tusks than an elephant," he answered. "Mastodon tusks curved up and around instead of pointing down. Some tusks were up to twelve feet long. And its body was covered with thick brown hair."

"Are there lots of mastodon bones in Indiana?" asked Paul.

"Yes. Mastodon bones have been found in many parts of Indiana."

"What happened to the mastodons?" Jack asked.

"Well, most scientists believe they were trapped by the snows that came with the last big glaciers," said Dr. Yancey. "The mastodons in the glacier areas



couldn't move far in the deep snow. Many of them just starved to death. The others, south of the glaciers, just couldn't get used to the rainy weather. Mastodons liked dry, cold weather."

"Wonder what happened to our mastodon," said Paul.

"It probably got stuck in the snow or mud and starved," said Dr. Yancey. "Or maybe it was killed by Indians thousands of years ago."

"I wonder what it was like, being a kid then," Paul said.

"I wonder what it was like, going on a mastodon hunt," said Jack.

No one really knows what it was like, but maybe it happened something like this.

## Mul—Boy of the Past

Mul was so excited he could not sleep. He reached out from under his bearskin for his small spear. After his father had found the mastodon tracks, Mul had spent the rest of the day sharpening his stone spear.

In a few hours, at dawn, they would hunt the monster animal. Their meat supply was low and winter was coming. A mastodon had more meat on it than many bears. And Mul's father had told him he could go along to watch the hunt.

Mul had never seen a mastodon before. But he had heard a lot about them. He had seen the tracks of one. From the tracks he could tell that the mastodon was larger than any animal he had ever seen.

The men in Mul's family knew that the mastodon would be feeding down by the river. But if it had moved on, thought Mul, it would be easy to follow. The tracks were big and deep.

Mul remembered some of the stories he had heard about mastodon hunts. There was always danger. Men had been killed by the long, sharp tusks. Others had been stamped to death by the big heavy feet of the monster.

"Time to get ready," said Mul's father, Tor. He threw his son a chunk of bear meat. "Eat that," said Tor. "It will make you strong for the hunt."





The men, talking among themselves, were ready to hunt. There were six of them. Mul's father would lead the hunt. Mul tore the last bit of meat from the bear bone and threw the bone away.

Quietly they moved toward the river. Tor was following the mastodon's big tracks. After they had walked for half an hour, Mul began to think that they would never see the mastodon.

Then suddenly Tor stopped. He put his hand to his ear and listened. The other men did the same thing.



Somewhere beyond the trees, they could hear the great monster animal pulling up plants and chewing them.

Slowly, their spears held high, the six men moved toward the sound. Mul followed at what he thought was a safe distance. His father had told him to stay well behind the men.

But Mul was ready anyway, his small spear held over his head. As the tearing and chewing noises grew louder and louder, Mul's heart beat faster and faster.

Then Tor stopped again. He turned to the men behind him and put one finger to his lips. With his other hand, he pointed through the trees. Quietly, Mul crept up to see. His eyes followed the direction in which his father's finger pointed.

Mul's eyes opened wide. The mastodon was on the riverbank, eating plants. It was bigger than Mul had ever dreamed. Thick brown hair covered its body. It had great white tusks.

The six men spread out on each side of the feeding animal. Then, at a signal from Tor, six long spears shot through the air.

As the sharp spear blades went into its huge body, the great animal screamed with pain. Mul had never heard any animal make such a loud noise. Then the mastodon began to run up the muddy riverbank. It was coming toward Mul.

The six men were behind the mastodon now, six more spears ready to throw. Tor yelled, "Throw!" and all six spears flew toward the wounded animal. There was another loud scream of pain. Still the mastodon came straight for the place where Mul stood watching.

Mul's heart pounded in his ears. What should he do? Tor had told him to keep away from the mastodon. But the mastodon was rushing toward him. Should he run? He could hear his father shouting, "Run, Mul, run away!"

But Mul did not run away. Instead he hid behind a bush as the angry mastodon, mad with pain, came closer and closer.

At the last minute, Mul came out from behind the





bush. With all his strength, he threw his small spear at the great head. Then he turned and ran away as fast as he could.

When he felt that he was safe, Mul stopped. He could not hear the mastodon now. But he could hear men yelling. His father was shouting, "Mul, come back!" Mul ran back.

There, under the tree, was the mastodon . . . dead. Mul could see his own small spear sticking out of the dead animal's left eye. The men were laughing and pointing at Mul.

"Welcome, brave little hunter," said Tor to his son. "We're all proud of you. Your spear killed the mastodon. Now you're a man. You can help us cut the meat!"

One by one, the men walked up to Mul and put their arms around his shoulder. Mul was so proud that he could not think of anything to say.

That is the way it could have happened long ago.



But what was happening now at the Burke farm on this Sunday afternoon? Mr. Burke was turning his car onto the smooth new road. Paul, Jack, and Mr. and Mrs. Burke were on their way to Midville. Paul pointed out the window.

"It was right over there, Mom. That's where they dug for three days until they found all the bones."

"Well, I'm glad the bones have been put together," said Mrs. Burke. "It's taken long enough. But I suppose it is slow work."

Dr. Yancey and the other scientists who helped him had been lucky. They had found all the mastodon's bones except for a few ribs. In three months, they had put the bones together. Today, for the first time, people could see the mastodon skeleton in the museum.

When the car pulled up in front of the museum, Paul and Jack jumped out. They ran up the museum steps and through the door. There, right in the middle of the big room, was the mastodon skeleton.

The boys walked around the huge skeleton. They looked at the large white tusks.

"Hello, boys." It was Dr. Yancey, with Mr. and Mrs. Burke. "What do you think of your old bones now?"

"Have you read the sign, Paul?" asked Mr. Burke. "Look there."

Paul and Jack read the sign standing up under the mastodon.

"THE BURKE MASTODON. FOUND ON THE JAMES BURKE FARM, NEAR MIDVILLE, INDIANA, AUGUST 15, 1966."

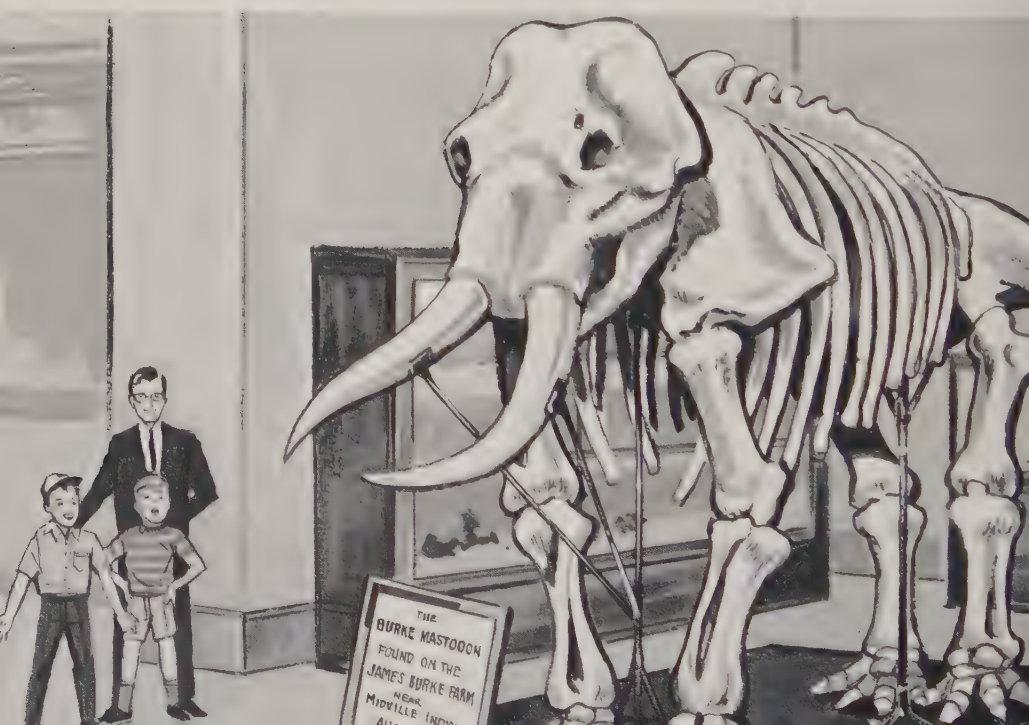


"I guess we're all famous now," laughed Mrs. Burke.

"Say, Dr. Yancey," said Paul. "What's wrong with its left eye? It looks like there's a piece of bone missing there." Paul pointed to the great skull.

"Oh, yes," said the scientist. "We were going to fill that place in but we didn't have time. But the rest of the bones are in pretty good shape. You know, boys, the only other complete mastodon skeleton in Indiana is down at Earlham College in Richmond."

They walked around the skeleton again. Dr. Yancey looked up at the mastodon's skull. "Hm," he said. "I wonder why that piece of bone by the eye is missing. I guess we'll never know."



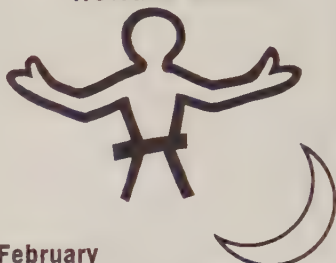


## About Indians and Pioneers

Indians and pioneers were different in many ways. But in many ways, they were alike. Both had to learn to fit their way of life to the land on which they had to live. Both had to look to the land for their food, their clothing, and their homes.

In the pages that follow, you will find out how Indians and pioneers worked and played, what their homes were like and what they ate. Knowing these things about both the Indians and the pioneers will help you better understand the stories in this book.

## MIAMI INDIAN MOON CALENDAR

<b>SNOW MOON</b>  <b>January</b>	<b>HUNGER MOON</b>  <b>February</b>	<b>BIRD RETURN MOON</b>  <b>March</b>
<b>GREEN GRASS MOON</b>  <b>April</b>	<b>PLANTING MOON</b>  <b>May</b>	<b>FLOWER BLOOMING MOON</b>  <b>June</b>
<b>HEAT MOON</b>  <b>July</b>	<b>GREEN CORN MOON</b>  <b>August</b>	<b>GATHERING MOON</b>  <b>September</b>
<b>LEAF FALLING MOON</b>  <b>October</b>	<b>HUNTING MOON</b>  <b>November</b>	<b>LONG NIGHT MOON</b>  <b>December</b>

North American Indians did not have a calendar. They counted passing time in moons. An Indian moon was about a month long. Different tribes had different names for the moons. The Miami Indians used the names you see on this page.





## How Indians Talked and Sent Messages

Just as there were many Indian tribes, so there were many Indian languages. Indians of one tribe very often did not understand the language of another tribe. When these people met, they talked in sign language. When Indians began talking to the white man, they had to use sign language, too.

The Indians had no alphabet, and so could not write words. But they had their own way of putting things down so others could understand them. Hand signs were used when they wanted to speak to each other. Trail signs were left as messages to those who came after them. Indians were even able to talk over great distances by using a special sign. This was the smoke

signal. It could be seen for many miles. Smoke signals were made by holding a blanket over a fire, then moving it away. Each time the blanket was moved away, a puff of smoke rose in the sky. Indians who saw the puffs of smoke read the message. They could tell what the smoke signal said from the number of puffs they saw. One puff might be a warning. Two puffs could mean everything was all right. Three puffs might be a call for help.

Even though Indians could not write words, they did tell stories in their paintings and drawings. Many Indians drew pictures on their tepees. Sometimes these drawings told about the braves who lived in the tepees. Other pictures were signs of the gods they prayed to, like the sky, or the moon, or the wind. The paintings on a tepee, as well as the size of the tepee, told the kind of family that lived in it.



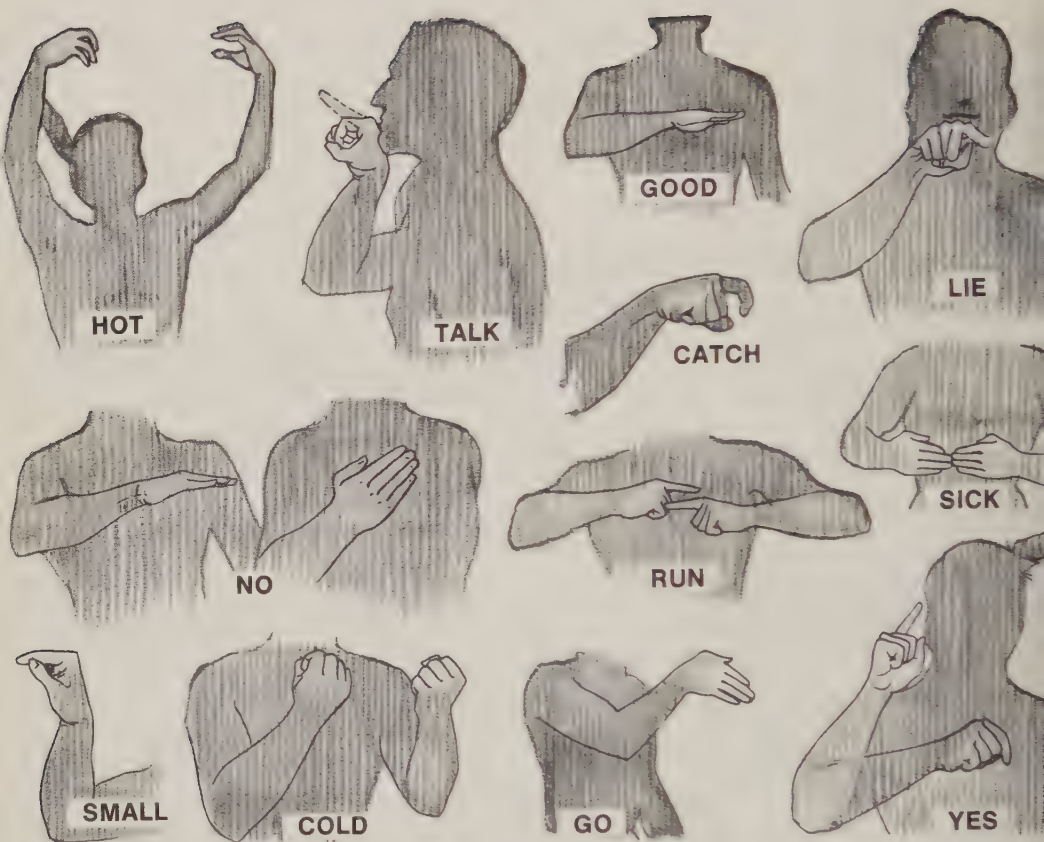


## INDIAN PICTOGRAPH

The Indian in this picture is writing a story on a buffalo hide. The story starts in the middle, and goes around, from right to left, in one big circle. This is the story he tells.

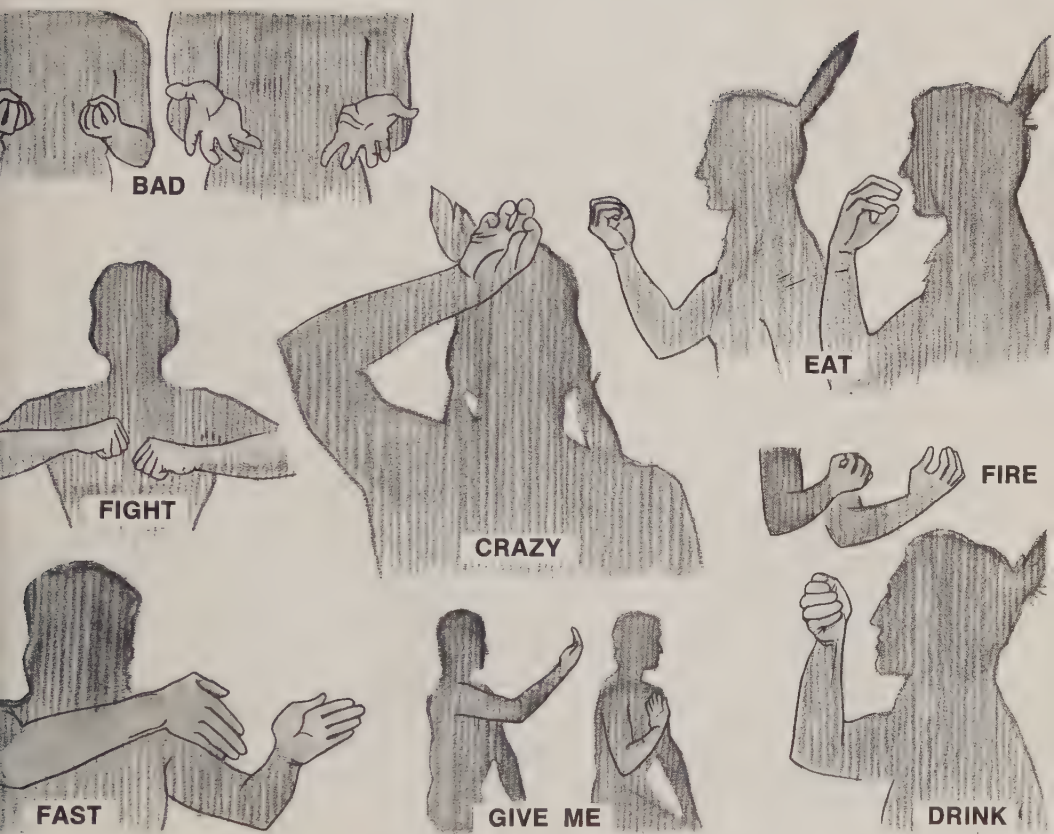
An Indian trader called Little Crow went on a journey. He walked for three nights. Then he came to a river. He stayed at the river that night. The next morning, when the sun came up, he started down the river in a canoe that he found. He traveled for two suns (days). Now he traveled in the daytime, for he was in friendly territory. He was a trader in shells. The shells were used for wampum and for decoration. Five days later, he reached a village where he could get these shells. For three days he stayed in this village, talking to the chief. He got many, many shells from the chief. The next morning, when the sun came up, he put the shells in the canoe and started down the river. He traveled for two suns. On the second day, there was a storm. There was rain, and there was lightning. He saw the lightning hit a tree. The tree was on fire. The storm made the Indian trader sick. He looked for plants which he knew were good medicine and would make him well again. Two days he waited until he was better. Then he traveled again. He traveled at night and hid in the daytime. There was much game in this part of the land. He could hear the foxes and wolves. At last he came to his own village. It had taken him a long time to get there. Twenty braves of the tribe came out to meet him. Standing Bear, who was the chief, came out to meet him, too. Their hearts were glad because he had come home well and safe and with many shells. They all had a good time together.





## INDIAN HAND SIGN LANGUAGE

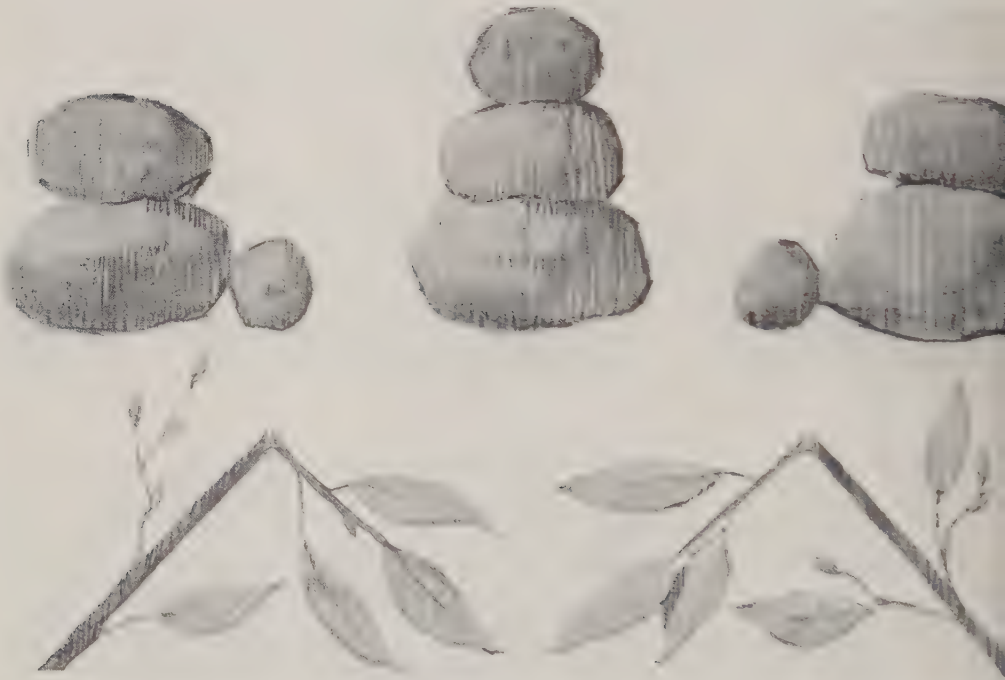
Indians of the Plains moved from place to place. Often they went on long hunting trips. On these trips, they met Indians from other tribes. These Indians spoke many different languages. So the Plains Indians made up hand signs that all could understand.



Soon even white men trading with Indians could understand and use these hand signs. In these pictures, you see some of the hand signs that were used. There were many, many more. Can you “talk” to a friend in sign language? Use some of the hand signs above and see if your friend understands you.

## Indian Trail Signs

Indians left signs along their trails as messages for other Indians who might be following. Some pioneers learned to read these trail signs, too. One sign was a cut in a tree. Another was a twig, broken so the leaves pointed left or right. Stones were also used to give directions. A small stone to the right or left of a pile of bigger stones showed which way the Indians had gone. A small stone on top of the pile showed that the path the Indians took was straight ahead. These and many other trail signs could be used by one Indian to follow the path of another Indian. Trail signs marked Indian paths the way printed signs mark our streets.

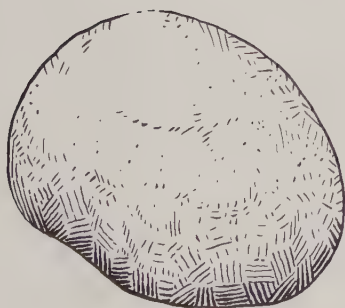




## Indian Weapons and Costumes

Different Indian tribes had their own customs, their own kind of clothing, their own kind of houses, even their own language. But all Indians were the same in one important way. All learned to fit their way of life to the land on which they lived. All learned how to use the plants and animals and other things around them to get food and clothing, tools and weapons.

The bow and arrow and the tomahawk were both hunting tools and weapons. The tomahawk was a kind of ax with a short handle. The ax was one of the early tools used by man. Before the white man came, Indians made their tools from the things they had around them. Wood, stone, bone and animal skins were all used in making different tools.



The hammerstone was another tool used from the days of early man. Indians shaped arrowheads with the hammerstone. They also shaped points for spears with the hammerstone. A hammerstone could crack open shells and nuts. It was also used to grind food into small, fine pieces.

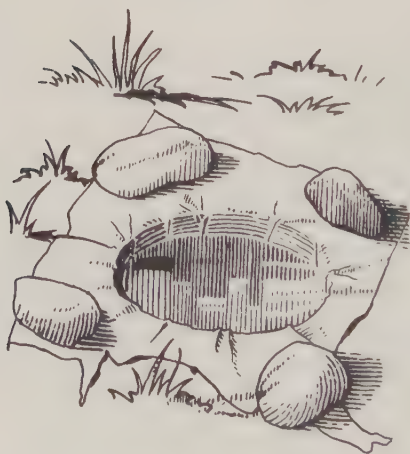


The knife and spear were important Indian tools, too. Knives were used to cut meat and scrape animal hides. Spears were used in hunting and war. Fishermen sat in canoes and speared fish as they swam by. The spear was a good tool for fishing, winter or summer.

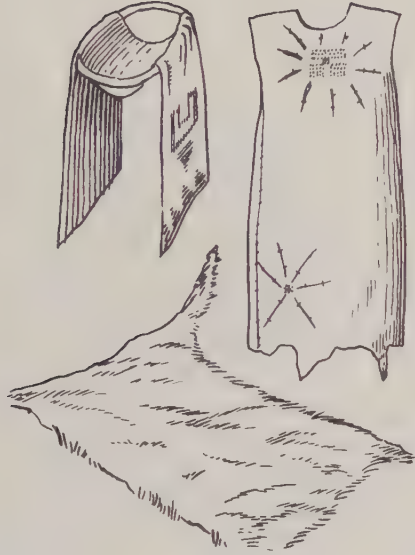
Tools of stone, wood and animal bone were used in many different ways. The women used a stone mortar and pestle to grind corn into meal. The mortar was in the shape of a large bowl. The pestle was like a hammer. To make meat soft, it was pounded with stones. Stiff pieces of bone served as sewing needles. Strips of animal hide or other parts of the animal were used for making thread.



Sometimes bowls were made out of clay for use in cooking and storing food. Animal skins served as cooking bowls, too. A hole in the ground was used as a cooking pit. The cooking pit was lined with buckskin. Water for cooking was put into the cooking pit. Then hot stones were dropped in the water to heat it.

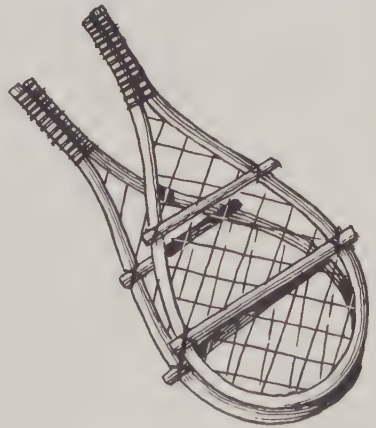


Most Indian clothing was made from deer or buckskin. Skins were tanned to make them feel softer and last longer. Indians showed the white man how to tan skins.



Indians wore clothes best suited for the weather. When it was hot, braves and boys wore breechcloths made of buckskin. These breechcloths were tied at the waist with a rope or belt. The women wore deerskin skirts or dresses. In cold weather, the braves covered themselves with fur robes. They also put on buckskin leggings and shirts. Babies were wrapped in fur. The Indians loved to decorate their clothes. Beads and dyed porcupine quills were often sewed on clothing. Moccasins were also decorated.

In any weather, the Indians wore moccasins. In winter, when it snowed, they also wore snowshoes. Indians were the first people to make these strange shoes. They took tree branches and shaped them like paddles. Then the branch paddles were tied to the bottom of the moccasins. The branch paddles helped the Indians move easily over the deep snow. And so they were able to hunt game even in winter.







Warriors wore fur tails on their shirts. They also wore bear claws and buffalo teeth around their necks for decoration. They often painted pictures of battles on their robes. They liked to paint their faces and bodies in many colors. Paint was made from certain kinds of clay, berries and plants.

An Indian headpiece was very colorful. The chief wore the most beautiful headpiece and took great pride in wearing it. It was made of many feathers. The headpiece was a badge of honor. Different headpieces in a village showed which Indians were the warriors. An eagle feather worn in a certain way told of a man's bravery.



Painted masks were sometimes part of the Indian costume. Masks were used in war and rain dances, when the tribe had special ceremonies.



## Indian Homes

The Indian's life was a free one before the white man came. The land was open to all. The Indian could hunt and fish where and when he wanted to do so. He could stay in one place, or he could follow the sun. In different parts of the country, Indians lived in different kinds of homes.

One kind of Indian house was the tepee. Tepees were made from animal skins, usually buffalo hides. First, thin poles were tied together at the top to give the tepees shape. Then the buffalo hides, sewed together, were wrapped around the poles. A small opening was used as a door. Tepees were put up in a circle.





There was not much room inside most tepees. But they were good shelter for people who did not stay in one place. The skins could be taken apart and folded, as tents are today, and carried easily. Poles could be left behind. New poles could be cut when tepees were put up in a new place.

Some Plains Indians built huts or lodges covered with grass mats or tree bark. Lodges were bigger and took longer to put up than tepees. They were often the homes of Indians who were farmers.



## Food of Pioneers and Indians

Much of a pioneer's time was spent just getting or growing food. He could get almost everything he needed from the wilderness. He learned to do many things by himself. Other things he learned from the Indians who were here before him.

The Indians were hunters and farmers. The hunters killed buffalo, bear, deer, and small animals such as rabbits and squirrels. The meat was brought home and cooked over open fires. Indian women smoked or sun-dried some of the meat to eat when hunting was poor.



It was the job of the Indian women to raise the family gardens. They raised Indian corn, beans, squashes, cucumbers, and melons. They grew the corn and beans together, and often cooked them together, too.

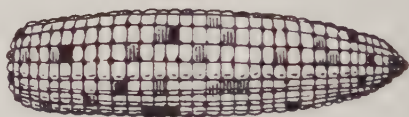
The Indians liked fish, too. In the wintertime, they cut holes in the ice on the lakes and rivers. Fish were caught with hand lines or fish spears.





Corn was the pioneer family's most important food. It was cooked as roasting ears. Sometimes it was dried, or made into cornmeal. Often it was eaten as hominy with meat drippings. Pioneers ate corn one way or another at every meal.

Hominy is the inner kernel of corn. First, the corn was soaked in lye water. Then it was washed carefully. Next, it would be pounded to remove the outer covering. It was a favorite pioneer dish.

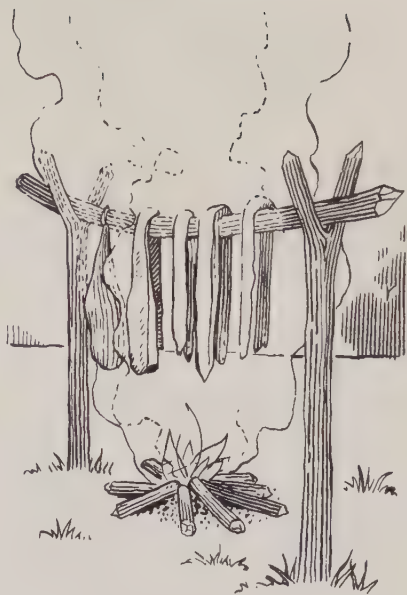


Cornmeal is ground corn. It had many uses. It was good as pudding. Cornmeal mush was eaten for breakfast with milk. Cold corn mush could be sliced and fried like pancakes. Sweetened it was a dessert. Every pioneer mother made corn bread.

Because they did not have much wheat flour, pioneer mothers made few pies. Maple syrup was used to sweeten desserts.



It was lucky for the early families that Father could go out and shoot what the family would need to eat. But sometimes game was hard to find. Then the family had no meat. Because pioneers had no way to keep food cold, it was hard to keep meat. So pioneers learned to dry deer meat as the Indians did. Other families smoked hams and bacons for later use. The log cabin ceiling was the storeroom. From it hung not only pieces of meat but vegetables as well.



The children had to watch the chickens to make sure that foxes and skunks did not catch them. At night many families kept the chickens in the cabin. Most families brought some chickens with them. If a family had cows, it was the women's job to milk the cows and make butter. Milk usually was kept in a cool place by a spring or creek.



## Pioneer Homes and Shelters

The settlers who came west built good log homes for their families. Building a log cabin was hard work, but with help from neighbors it could be done in a few days.

While they built a cabin the pioneer family lived in their wagon. The mother and girls would sleep inside. The father and boys would sleep under the wagon.

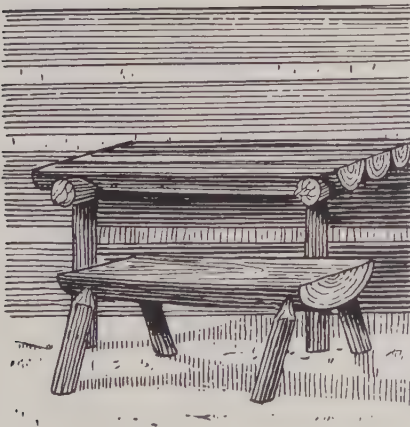
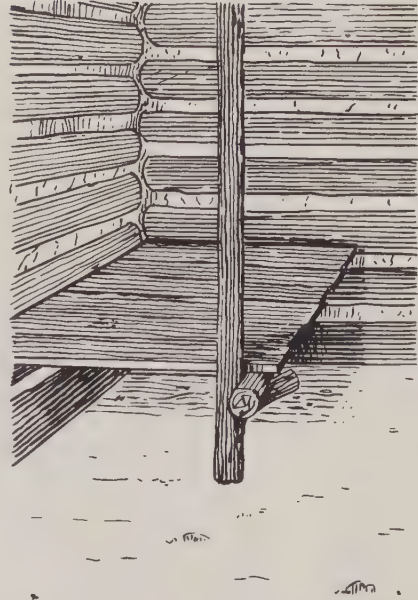


Pioneers built their cabins near springs or streams so they would have water. First they might make a "half-face camp." This had three sides made of poles and brush. The fourth side was hung with animal skins to keep out the wind and rain. A fire for heat and cooking was built in front.



A big fireplace was at one end of the cabin. Often it was as much as ten feet wide. It was made of stone or clay and sticks. It did a big job. It warmed the settlers in winter. It was a cooking stove for the women. It gave light in the evening.

The pioneer log cabin had home-made furniture. A bed was usually built in one corner of the cabin. First a post was stuck in the ground. Two poles were run from the post to the walls, making the bed frame. Poles were crossed on the frame. Big sacks of cloth were filled with straw or cornhusks or feathers and became mattresses. Bear and deerskins were used as blankets.



Tables were made of planks. Sometimes one side of the table was fastened to the wall. The kitchen chairs were not chairs at all. They were benches made of half logs. They were rough and sometimes shaky. The baby's cradle was made of a hollowed log.

## Pioneer Tools, Weapons and Clothing

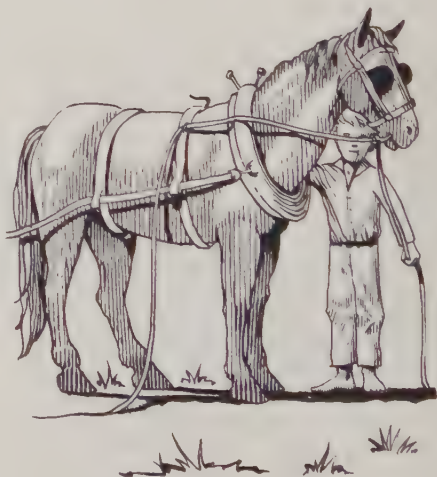
Wood played a big part in the life of the pioneer. His cabin was made of logs. The beds, the tables, the chairs—all were wood. Very often, even the dishes, bowls, forks and spoons were made from wood, too. Wooden boards laid across wooden pegs were used as shelves for dishes. Clothes were hung on wooden pegs.



To work the land, a pioneer had to have a plow. Early plows were made of wood with iron points. Later, plows were made all of iron. Wood and iron plows were hard to use.

After the land was plowed, it had to be seeded. The pioneer farmer did not have a tool to spread the seed. He walked across his land, swinging his arm wide, and throwing the seed by hand.

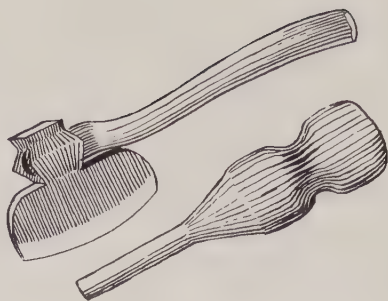
Handmade hoes were used in the fields and gardens. These ironhead hoes helped pull out the weeds and get the earth ready for planting. Rakes were all wood.



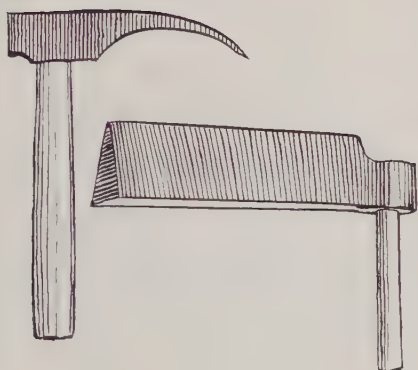
Early farmers worked from “sun up to sun down.” By the time a boy was 12 or 13, he had to hitch up a team of horses or oxen to a plow and do a good day’s work.



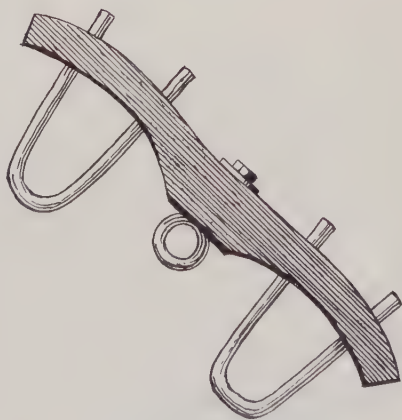
The pioneer had few tools to work with. Early tools were the froe, the broad ax, the mallet and the adz. The froe had a wedge-shaped cutting edge at the end of a heavy wooden handle. It looked something like an ax. The mallet was used like a hammer. The adz was a wide, sharp cutting tool made of iron with a long wooden handle.



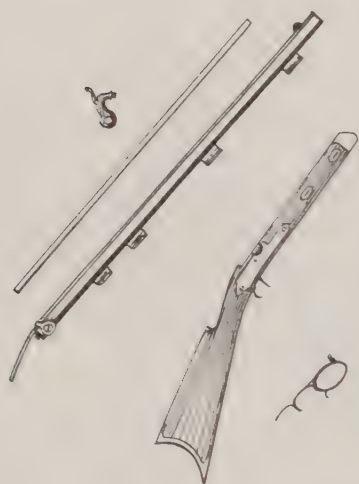
Pioneers used these tools to build their cabins. Most cabins were small. Clapboards for the roofs were shaped with the froe. The mallet was used to drive the froe through the wood. The adz was often used to smooth a rough wooden floor. One pioneer said, "Even so, you sometimes got a splinter in your bare feet."



Yokes for the oxen were made of wood. A yoke had one large cross-piece and two bow-shaped pieces. These bow pieces fitted around the heads of the animals. Collars and harnesses for horses were made of leather. If a farmer couldn't get a leather collar for his horse, he sometimes used corn husks to make a collar. When Abraham Lincoln was a boy, he put collars made of corn husks on the horses his family owned.



The rifle was the most important thing a pioneer owned. Without it, a family would have no meat on the table. And it would have no animal skins for clothing or coverings. The rifle could mean life or death to a pioneer family. For wild animals, like wolves and bears, lived in the forests. And pioneers never knew when Indians might attack.

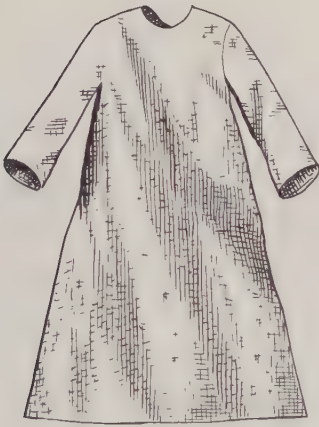
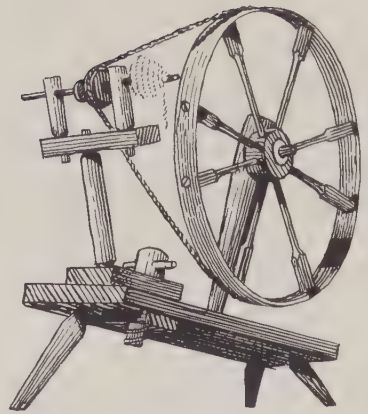


Every man knew how to take his rifle apart, clean it, load it and shoot it. A pioneer always took very good care of his rifle, for he knew there might be a time when he would need it in a hurry.

Shooting matches were popular with the pioneers. Everyone tried to come to these shooting matches. Even the children loved to go to them. At these shoots, a good hunter could show his skill and win prizes. Most of the time, prizes were beef or turkeys.



The pioneer woman worked from “sunup to sundown” just as the man did. She had many, many things to do—cooking, baking, sewing, cleaning, taking care of her family. To make clothes, she had to spin yarn on the spinning wheel. Then she had to weave cloth from the yarn. From this cloth, she made clothes for everyone in the family.



Pioneer clothing was warm and could take a lot of hard wear. The cloth was made from wool and flax. It was called linsey-woolsey. The girls and women wore dresses of linsey-woolsey. The boys and men wore shirts made from this plain, rough cloth. To dye the cloth, the woman used dyes made from roots, bark, flowers and plants. Pioneer families did not have many clothes. A girl who had more than two dresses was very lucky.

Many pioneer boys and men dressed like Indians. They did wear the linsey-woolsey shirts. But their breeches and leggings were made of deerskin. The leather was tanned at home. Deerskin was soft and pleasant to use. Moccasins, too, were made of animal skins. In winter, the men wore mittens and caps made from fur.





## Pioneer Games

Everywhere in the world, people play games of one kind or another. Games are almost as old as the story of man. Some games go back so far in history, we do not know how they began. Many of the games we play today began long, long ago. Pioneer days were filled with danger and hard work. But there was time for fun and games, too. Sometimes work became a game, as in cornhusking. Even learning could be a game, as in the spelling bee.

Think of some of the games you play . . . Hide-and-Seek, London Bridge, Farmer in the Dell. Pioneer children played these same games. Ball games were fun then as now. In pioneer days, rocks covered with yard and buckskin were used as balls.



Older boys like high jumping and broad jumping, racing and wrestling. Younger children had fun swinging and jumping rope. Often the rope they used was a grapevine.

Little girls liked to play "house." Their dolls were made from ears of corn, or cloth stuffed with rags or sawdust. Play dishes were made from acorns or shells. Little girls rocked their dolls to sleep in cradles carved from wood.





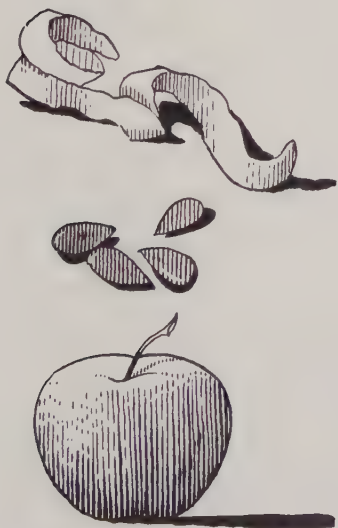
On long winter nights, quiet games were played near the fire. Riddles were fun for all. Families sang together as corn popped in the fireplace or apples roasted in the hot ashes.

Everyone loved play parties. People rode for miles and miles to go to one of these parties. Singing and dancing games were held for the grown-ups. The children clapped hands and stamped their feet as the grown-ups danced by. All of the furniture in one room was pushed to one side or it was put outdoors to make room for the dancers. A fiddler played as fast and loud as he could to fill the air with music.



Work turned into a game at apple-butter making time in the fall. Baskets of apples were ready for the visitors. All the apples had to be peeled and cut. The young people saved the apple seeds and peelings. With the apple seeds, they had their fortunes told. With the peelings, they played another fortune-telling game. A peeling was turned three times over a girl's head. Then it was dropped to the floor.

If the peeling made a letter, the girl was supposed to marry a man whose name began with that letter.



## Indian Games

Like the pioneers, Indians, too, found time for fun and games. Many of their games were part of their religious ceremonies. But other games were played just for fun. Like the pioneers, Indians also liked to visit each other, tell stories, sing, dance and play games of skill.

Indian girls, like pioneer girls, played with dolls. Indian dolls, too, were often made of cornhusks. But these dolls were dressed in the same kind of clothes that the people of the tribe wore.



Boys liked active games. They used small spears in a kind of dart game. They played “warrior” or “hunter” with toy bows and arrows. Indian boys also enjoyed spinning tops.

Boys and braves both loved ball games. One game, which we call stick ball, was played with rackets. Two teams played the game. Each team tried to drive a ball made of deerskin through the goal posts of the other team. The ball could only be hit or caught with the rackets. The Indians could not use their hands to catch the ball. Can you think of games we play today using rackets?







Like the pioneers, the Indians also had quiet games which were played around the fire. This was a good time for telling stories—about animals, about the legends of the tribe, about their many gods. Children loved to hear these stories over and over again. And there were guessing games, too, in which everyone took part. Have you ever played a hand game with string? Some tribes enjoyed this game long, long ago.

Indians did not have play parties. But dancing and singing were important in their lives. Most of the dancing had something to do with their religion. But it was fun, too, and a good time for the people to visit with one another. The Indians did not have a fiddler. But they had music. They made instruments from things they found around them. They had drums and whistles and other noisemakers, like sticks and rattles.



# GLOSSARY

The Glossary will help you to pronounce hard words correctly and to understand the meanings of some of the words used in this book.

The letters and marks in parentheses following many of the more difficult words will show you how to pronounce these words. A heavy mark like this (') follows the syllable of a word which has the strongest stress; a lighter mark like this (˘) follows a syllable which has a lesser stress. One-syllable words contain no stress marks. Only rather long words with several syllables have both kinds of stress marks.

## PRONUNCIATION KEY

ă hat	j jar, gem	th thin
ā name		th then
â care	ō top	
ä far	ō so	
ě let	ô short, call	ű cup
ē he	oi oil	ū music, beauty
	oo look	û burn, earth
ĩ bit	oo cool	
ī bite	ou about, crowd	zh vision

ə any vowel not in an accented syllable, as the a in about (ə-bout') or the e is taken (tā'kən).

**agent** (ā'jənt), someone who works for somebody else; someone who works for the government.

**aim** the pointing of a gun so that it will shoot in the right direction.

**Anderson River** a river which meets the Ohio River at Troy, Indiana.

**avenues** (äv'ə-nōōz) wide streets, usually lined with trees.

**beat** a tapping over and over again on a drum.

**benches** long, wooden seats.

**blacksmith** a man who makes horseshoes and other things out of iron. The iron is made hot over a fire and then shaped by the blacksmith.

**blazed** (blāzd) burned; gave off flames.

**boarding** getting food and a place to sleep at someone's house.

**bonfire** (bōn'fir') a fire made out-of-doors with sticks and leaves.

**bow** (bō) a weapon used by the Indians to shoot arrows; it was made of strong, springy wood bent and tied with a strip of strong leather.

**brave** an Indian warrior; a fighter.

**breechcloth** (brēch'klôth) a piece of cloth worn by Indian men and serving as a kind of short pants.

**breeches** (brich'ez) short trousers.

**buckskin** (būk'skin) leather made from the hides of deer.

**buffalo** (büf'ə-lō') a large and heavy cow-like animal with humped shoulders and dark, shaggy fur; a bison.

**cable** very thick, strong covered wires, used to carry electric currents.

**canoe** (kə-nōō) a narrow, light boat pointed at both ends.

**Capitol** the building in Washington, D.C., where the Congress meets.

**captive** prisoner; a person that has been captured and is being held against his will.

**cargoes** (kär'gōz) things to be sold or traded that are carried in a ship.

**chanted** sang the same thing over and over again in the same tone of voice, as a prayer is *chanted*.

**charm** something that has magic power.

**clan** (klän) a group of people who are related to each other, as *the Delaware*

*Indians were one clan, and the Miami Indians were another clan.*

**clapboards** long, narrow boards used on the outside of a house.

**clearing** a piece of land from which all trees and bushes have been removed.

**closely** up close; with great interest.

**colonel** (kūr'nəl) an army officer just below a general.

**colonies** (kōl'ə-nēz) the first settlements made by people from Europe along the east coast of North America. There were thirteen colonies and they became the first thirteen states.

**commanded** (kə-mārd'əd) ordered; told they must do something.

**company** a group of soldiers.

**cornhusks** the leaves that cover an ear of corn.

**council house** (koun'səl hous) a large wigwam or hut where the Indian men gathered with the chief and other leaders.

**cover** something to hide behind, usually trees and bushes.

**created** (krē-āt'əd) made; brought into being.

**creek** a brook; a running stream smaller than a river.

**cut its steam** to turn off the steam, thus slowing or stopping an engine.

**deeds** (dēdz) things that are done; acts.

**dismissed** let go.

**downriver** moving in the direction the water is flowing.

**duty** (dōō'tē or dū'tē) something one should do; something one has promised to do.

**easily** without any trouble.

**echo** (ēk'ō) a sound repeated as it bounces back from something, like a rock wall or the side of a large building.

**enemy** (ēn'ə-mē) one who is hated; one who has taken the other side in a fight.

**explosion** (ēks-plō'zhən) a blowing up, a sudden burst of flames with a loud noise.

**fading** becoming dim and far away; disappearing.

**feast** (fēst) to eat a large, fine meal.

**feather mattress** part of a bed which is filled with feathers and on which one sleeps.

**ferryboat** (fēr'ē-bōt') a boat which carries

people or things from one side of a river to the other side.

**firewood** wood used to make a fire.

**flatboat** a large boat with a flat bottom pushed down a river with long poles.

**flatland** flat country without hills or valleys; plains.

**flax** (flaks) the part of a plant used for making thread.

**force** (fôrs) break down.

**Fort Sackville** the British fort at Vincennes on the Wabash River.

**Fort Wayne** an army fort in northern Indiana, where the city of Fort Wayne is now.

**frame** something which goes under a building to hold it together and give it shape.

**frame house** a house built on a wooden frame and usually finished on the outside with wide wooden boards.

**fury** (fyōōr'ē) anger.

**game** wild animals or birds that could be used as food.

**glaciers** (glā'shərz) very large pieces of ice that move slowly down a mountain or across the land. Some glaciers look like mountains of ice.

**glow** (glō) to give off light; to shine.

**Great Spirit** the Indian name for God.

**ground** made into a powder or very small pieces by rubbing or pounding, as *cornmeal ground from ears of corn*.

**guide** (gid) someone who shows or leads the way.

**gunboat** a small ship or boat carrying cannons and other heavy guns, along with a supply of ammunition.

**gunners** men who fire cannons or other heavy guns.

**gypsy** (jip'sē) a person without a home who goes from place to place; a person who is supposed to have magic power.

**harvest** (här'vist) to gather in crops in the fall, as *to harvest the wheat*.

**hatchet** (häch'it) a tool used for chopping down trees; a tool with a sharp steel blade on one end of a short wooden handle.

**herd** a group of animals together, usually the same kind of animals, as *a herd of cows*.

**high wind** a strong wind.



**hold wait** to shoot; do not fire until a signal is given.

**hollow** (hōl'ō) empty inside; having a large hole in it.

**honored** (ōn'ərd) showed liking and respect for.

**howled** (hould) gave a long, loud, sad cry.

**Iroquois** (īr'ə-kwoi) a large group of Indians belonging to different tribes but banded together and all speaking the Iroquois language. Most came from what is now New York.

**Kaskaskia** (kās-kās'kē-ə) a town in southwestern Illinois, on the Mississippi River. First it was a French fort and trading post. Then it was a British fort until George Rogers Clark captured it for the Americans.

**keelboat** (kēl'bōt') a long, narrow boat with a large wooden paddle at the back. Keelboats could move upstream or downstream with the use of sails, long poles, or oars.

**kegs** small barrels.

**Kekionga** (kē'kē-ōng'gə) an Indian village in northern Indiana, where the city of Fort Wayne is now.

**Kickapoo** (kik'ə-pōō) Indians from the north, from what is now Wisconsin.

**lean-to** (lēn'tōō) a small building next to a larger building, with the roof going down from one side of the larger building.

**legend** (lēj'ənd) an old story that has been told over and over again.

**leggings** (lēg'ingz) coverings for the legs.

**long roll** a steady beating on the drum, as *the long roll* was the signal for soldiers to line up for duty.

**lots** land which is divided into the same or different sizes.

**manners** the good ways in which a person acts or does something, as *it is not good manners to talk when your mouth is full*.

**map** to make a drawing showing what the land looks like; a drawing showing where rivers, roads or other things can be found on the land.

**mastodon** a large animal that lived long ago. It looked something like an elephant but was much bigger.

**material** (mə-tīr'ē-əl) something which will be made into something else.

**mats** flat pieces that can be made from different things and used in different ways. Mats may be put under dishes or tables. Mats may be used like small rugs to keep a floor clean.

**meal** ground grain; flour made from wheat, or cornmeal made from corn.

**medicine man** an Indian who served the tribe as priest and doctor, and who was supposed to be able to work magic.

**meeting house** a church.

**Miami** (mī-ām'ē) the Indians who were living in what is now central and northern Indiana when the first white men came.

**moccasins** (mōk'ə-sənz) soft shoes made by the Indians from deerskin.

**monster** (mōn'stər) something very large and frightening, usually a huge animal.

**moons** months; the time between one new moon and the next.

**mouth** the place where a smaller body of water goes into a larger body of water, an opening in a river.

**museum** (mū-zē'əm) a building in which one can see many different things, such as pictures or animals or tools of long ago.

**narrow** not wide.

**nation** (nā'shən) a very large and powerful group of Indians.

**Niagara Falls** (nī-äg'ə-rə fōlz) one of the biggest waterfalls in the world. Part of it is in New York. Part of it is in Canada. Niagara is an Indian word for "thunder of waters."

**nine wood pins** a game like bowling, where the player tries to knock down several wooden targets with each throw of a ball; more commonly, ninepins.

**Northwest Territory** land north and west of the Ohio River that was claimed by Virginia before the Revolutionary War, then given to the United States. It is now Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota.

**orphan** (ōr'fən) someone who has no father or mother.

**Osage** (ō'sāj) an Indian tribe that now lives in Oklahoma.

**oxen** big animals in the cattle family, used to pull heavy loads.

**paddle** a short oar; a wide piece on the end of a narrow handle, used for moving a boat through the water.

**peddlers** men who go from one place to another selling things. These men travel on foot or use wagons.

**pioneers** (pī'ə-nīrz') settlers; men bringing their wives and children with them into the wilderness to make new homes.

**pits** large, deep holes in the ground used for storing food.

**plenty** enough of everything for all to share.

**plow** (plou) a tool used to turn over the ground.

**pole** a long, straight piece of wood.

**port** (pôrt) a place where ships come in to bring or get cargo.

**Potawatami** (pôt'ə-wôt'ə-mē) Indians living in northern Indiana and southern Michigan, near Lake Michigan, when the first white men came.

**powder** gunpowder; something used to load and fire guns.

**powder horn** the hollow, curved horn from a cow or ox, fitted with a cap and used to hold gunpowder.

**pretending** (prī-tēnd'ing) making believe; trying to fool someone.

**problem** something that has to be thought over and worked out.

**products** (pröd'əkt) things that are made or grow, as *vegetables are farm products*.

**protect** (prə-tēkt') fight to keep safe; defend.

**Quakers** (kwāk'ərz) a group of people belonging to the Society of Friends. Quakers do not believe in fighting and will not take part in wars.

**rafts** flat pieces of wood tied together that will float and can be used as boats.

**relatives** (rēl'ə-tīvz) the people in a family, such as cousins, brothers or uncles.

**riches** (rich'əs) things of value, as *the riches of the wilderness were wild animals, birds, fish, nuts, fruit and berries*.

**rivermen** men who live or work on a river or near it.

**sacred** (sā'krəd) holy.

**saddle** a leather seat put on a horse for a rider to sit on.

**saddlebags** large bags that hang on the side of a saddle.

**scalps** (skälps) hair and skin taken from the heads of enemies.

**scout** (skout) to creep silently through the woods, looking for game or for an enemy.

**Shawnee** (shô'nē) Indians from the south, from land that is now Tennessee, West Virginia and southern Ohio.

**side of bacon** a large piece of smoked, salted meat cut from the side of a hog.

**sights** the parts of a gun that one looks along or through when aiming.

**silence** (sī'ləns) without sound or noise; quiet.

**Simon says** (sī'mən\_sēz) a children's game in which a leader gives commands to the other players, to be followed by the players only if the leader first says, "Simon says."

**Sioux** (sōo) a large group of Indians from different eastern and southern tribes, all speaking the Sioux language.

**site** place; location.

**skeleton** (skel'ət-ən) the frame of a body; all the bones of a body put together.

**skull** the frame of the head; the bones of the head.

**slates** thin, smooth pieces of a certain kind of rock which may be written on and then wiped clean. Slates were used in early schools.

**smoked deer** deer meat that is dried in smoke over a low fire.

**snake god** an Indian god of evil, who came to earth in the shape of a snake.

**spear** a weapon with a sharp pointed stone on the end of a long handle.

**spelling bee** a game in which a group of people spell out words. The winner is the one who spells all the words right.

**spinning** the making of thread by twisting fibers of cotton, wool or linen.

**spinning wheel** a large wheel used to make yarn.

**squaws** (skwôz) Indian women.

**"store" caps** hats that were bought in a store rather than made at home.

**stores** amounts; supplies.

**stumps** the parts of trees that are still in the ground after the trees have been cut down.

**stunned** knocked to the ground, helpless and not able to move but not killed.

**sulphur** (sŭl'fər) a kind of powder that is light yellow in color, has a blue flame when it burns, and gives off a terrible smell.

**sum** arithmetic; the result of adding numbers.

**survey** (sər-vā') to look over a piece of land to see how big it is, how far it goes, or how it is shaped.

**Susquehanna** (sŭs'kwə-hăn'ə) a river that begins in a lake in New York. It flows south through Pennsylvania for hundreds of miles.

**swollen** (swŏl'ən) enlarged or widened, with water running over the banks.

**sycamore** (sĭk'ə-môr) a tree with wide spreading branches, large leaves and light gray-brown bark.

**tan your hide** hit you; give you a beating.

**Tecumseh** (tĭ-kŭm'sə) a Shawnee Indian chief who tried to bring all the Indian tribes together to fight the white men.

**telescope** (tĕl'ə-skŏp) a tool used to make far-off things seem near.

**terms** (tŭrmz) the times into which the school year is divided, as a *spring term* or a *winter term*.

**territory** (tĕr'ə-tôr'ē) land claimed by a government.

**tomahawk** (tŏm'ə-hŏk) a small ax or hatchet the Indians used for fighting.

**torch** (tŏrch) a piece of wood that will burn well with a bright flame, and that is small enough to carry about.

**track** to follow the path of, as to *track an animal through the woods*.

**traders** men who bought and sold things.

**trading post** a kind of store where one could buy or trade furs for such things as knives, cotton cloth, guns and gunpowder.

**trails** paths through the woods.

**transit** (trăn'sīt) a tool used to measure distances.

**traps** Iron jaws that snap shut when touched. Traps are used to catch and hold such wild animals as beaver, mink, and muskrats.

**treaty** (trĕt'ē) an agreement to make peace, signed by enemies after a war.

**tribe** a group or band of Indians ruled by one chief.

**trigger** (trĭg'ər) a moving part that, when pulled back by the finger, fires a gun.

**tusks** (tŭskz) long, pointed, large teeth, usually two in number, sticking out of the mouths of some animals. Elephants have *tusks*.

**university** (ŭ'nə-vŭr'sə-tē) the highest school for learning.

**usually** (ŭ'zhŏŏ-əl-ē) most often.

**value** (vāl'yü) worth; importance; usefulness.

**vast** very wide; very large.

**Vincennes** (vĭn-sĕnz') a town in southeastern Indiana, on the Wabash River. First it was a French fort and trading post, then a British fort called Fort Sackville.

**volcano** (vŏl-kā'nŏ) a deep hole in the ground from which flames, smoke, ashes, and melted rock may come.

**Wabash** (wŏ'bash') a river that flows through central Indiana into the Ohio River. It forms part of the line between Indiana and Illinois.

**walnut husks** the outside coverings on a large, round nut. *Walnut husks must be removed before the nut can be eaten.*

**wampum** (wŏm'pəm) small pieces of shells cut and polished and strung like beads.

**warfare** (wŏr'fār') ways of fighting.

**warned** said in a way that tells of danger.

**warrior** (wŏr'ē-ər) fighter.

**whipped** moved with great force.

**white flag** a signal put up by one who wants the fighting to stop.

**wigwam** (wĭg'wŏm) a kind of hut built by the Indians for shelter. A wigwam was usually round on top and made of bent branches covered with bark, woven mats, and animal skins.

**wildcat** someone who fights in a wild, angry way; a wild animal in the cat family.

**wilderness** (wĭl'dər-nĭs) land that has many thick woods and wild animals but in which no people live.

**woodsmen** men who know how to live in the wilderness. Woodsmen know how to find food and make shelters for themselves.

**wound** (wŏond) to hurt but not kill.

**wounded** (wŏond'əd) hurt in a fight or some other way by cutting or shooting, as *to be wounded when a gun is fired*.



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